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SATURDAY NIGHT

THE CANADIAN WEEKLY



TEN CENTS
VOL. 57, NO. 4

OCTOBER 4
TORONTO, 1941

REVOLT IN THE DESERT: TWO OF TOBRUK'S DEFENDERS WRESTLE WITH A TRANSPORTATION PROBLEM. FOR THE STORY OF TOBRUK SEE PAGE 5

THE FRONT PAGE

THOUGH the strike situation was greatly improved this week with the return to work of the McKinnon Industries employees and the ending of the slow-down at the Glace Bay mines, it is evident that there is something fundamentally wrong in the labor field in Canada. Why has Canadian labor individually decent, patriotic men and women been acting like this, at this time? Is it solely due to foreign agitators?

Britain isn't having this trouble, and it isn't because the Government there is dragging the workers or because British workers are any less ready than Canadian workers to assert themselves.

Quite evidently there is a big difference between the respective attitudes of British and Canadian workers towards the war. The British workers feel that it is their war quite as much as that of any other group or class; Canadian workers, for some reason or other, do not, judging by the strike record and the indicated general disinclination of workers to accept wartime sacrifices in standards of living. The situation suggests that Canadian labor somehow hasn't got the right slant on the war and on its own relation to the rest of the national community. If this is so, the defect should be recognized and something done about it. What can be done?

Perhaps we should organize a campaign of education and persuasion—mainly education.

For one thing, we might get Ernest Bevin, the British Minister of Labor, to come to Canada and talk to the workers here. Bevin is a man from the ranks of labor, with a personality as colorful as Churchill's, patriotic as they are made, and passionately wishful to improve labor's position. He knows what Nazism really means for workers, and why, of all social groups, they must give all they've got to down it.

Another thing: why not have the C.B.C. put on a weekly radio debate by workers on the issues of the war as they affect workers? The speakers would be individual workers and speak as such rather than as members of unions, though union membership would not debar them from speaking. The basis of the debate would be frank discussion, not propaganda, on the assumption that the workers are as genuinely patriotic as anyone else.

Others ideas would, of course, readily pre-

sent themselves. The objective would be twofold: the elimination of strikes and the increasing of production through heightened morale. The British experience evidences the importance of the latter.

Medical Aid for Russia

CANADIANS are filled with admiration for the gallant Soviet stand against the common foe and wish to see everything possible done now to help the Russians in their hour of need, the more so since such help is direct aid to ourselves as well. What military measures can and will be taken in this respect and how soon is still a matter of conjecture.

There is one thing, however, that we, as Russia's allies, can do immediately. We can rush medical supplies by every available means to

help alleviate the terrible suffering which must of necessity accompany the fighting now going on along a two thousand mile front.

The Red Cross, we have been given to understand, has received urgent requests from the Russians for anaesthetics, antiseptics and surgical instruments, which are being consumed in direct proportion to the bitterness of battles in some of which 50,000 casualties are not considered unusual.

At least in this respect there must not, and there need not, be any delay. There is little to prevent Canada from shipping medical supplies, from undertaking to equip medically whole sections of the front, if need be. Our duties in this respect are clear and are further emphasized by the fact that Canadian pilots of the R.A.F. are now operating over Soviet soil along with Russian fliers.

Nor is this problem one of the Red Cross

alone. The Red Cross is so heavily burdened by many commitments that new thousands of Canadians must come to its aid to supply a vastly increased and steady flow of funds for this overwhelmingly heavy demand.

In the United States a special committee for medical aid to Russia is engaged in raising a million dollars for that purpose. In England Prime Minister Winston Churchill has just sent one of the country's leading medical authorities to Moscow to study the situation on the spot and make recommendations. We might do both. In any case speed is essential. We can help save the lives of tens of thousands of Soviet wounded, both military and civilian. Australia and New Zealand, among the Dominions, have taken the lead. Australia is even sending doctors and nurses. Canadian generosity in emergency has never lagged behind others; it must not lag today.

Overlooking Mexico

THE announcement by Mr. Mackenzie King, in his capacity as Minister of External Affairs, that Canada has established a Canadian Legation at Buenos Aires will no doubt meet with general approval, because the importance of developing closer economic relations with Argentina cannot be overestimated. The appointment as Minister of Chief Justice Turgeon of Saskatchewan is also meritorious. Though known as a lawyer he has also expert knowledge of agricultural products, particularly wheat, in which Argentina is a leading competitor in the world market.

It is satisfactory to learn that Mr. Jean Desy, long connected with the Paris Legation, is already at Buenos Aires engaged in preparatory work. Mr. Desy is not very well known to the people of Canada as a whole, but is one of the very ablest officers in Canada's growing Department of External Affairs. In happier days, Canadian visitors to Paris always found him very courteous, well-informed and efficient.

There is gossip in Ottawa that a Legation in Chile is also under consideration. But it may well be asked why the Republic of Mexico is ignored in the movement to expand this

(Continued on Page Three)

FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE

The Anti-Nazi Revolt	Raymond A. Davies	9
Next Moves in the War	Willson Woodside	12
On Viewing the World Serious	Kimball McIlroy	15
Stockings' End	Mary Lowrey Ross	29

The Australians in Tobruk	Story and Pictures	4
Collective Bargaining in Canada	B. K. Sandwell	10
Russia's "Window to the West"	Shelton Scholefield	14
The Pleasant Surprise	Frank Chamberlain	16
Canada's "Lace Missionary"	Marion Simms	23
Oasis in the Drouth Country	Galen Craik	36

THE BUSINESS FRONT

Still Far From Inflated Price Level	Paul Carliss	30
A World Without Money	P. M. Richards	30
Cargo Loss in German Ships	George Gilbert	34

PEOPLE *make news*



Sheik Tageddine el Hassani who has been named the first president of the new Republic of Syria. Previously under a League of Nations mandate, Syria was taken from France by Free French and British forces. Recently Free French General Georges Catroux declared France's mandate was at an end.



Geoffrey Shakespeare, Britain's Undersecretary of State for Dominion Affairs, who fostered the plan for sending children to Canada for safety in wartime, was here last week to visit some of the refugees. Said he: "They say they love Canada. They are crazy about this country."



Canadian-born Murray Patrick, star forward on the New York "Rangers" hockey team (which is coached by his father, Lester Patrick) who is shown at Camp Wheeler, Ga., drawing bead with a .50 calibre anti-tank gun. Like many another big-time athlete, Patrick has been inducted into the United States Army.



Clothed in a tattered frock coat and a battered silk hat, and looking like a double for cinema comedian W. C. Fields, Ontario Premier Mitchell F. Hepburn was last week made a member of New York's puckish "Saints and Sinners" Club. Around his neck he wears a string of onions.



His Royal Highness the Duke of Windsor arrives with the Duchess at Miami, Florida, en route to the EP Ranch near Calgary, Alberta. Stopping off in Washington, D.C., the couple visited the White House, but a scheduled luncheon with the President was cancelled because of the serious illness of G. Hall Roosevelt, Mrs. Roosevelt's brother, who died early this week. In Washington, the Duke visited Government departments while the Duchess attended a tea given by the Women's National Press Club which limited attendance to members. One matron offered \$100 for a ticket, was refused.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

Pfeiffer Method of Analysis "Perfectly Ridiculous"

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

One of my former students at the present time residing in Winnipeg has called my attention to the article "Disease May Be Defeated In The First Round" by Stewart C. Easton which appeared in SATURDAY NIGHT for September 6, 1941. This student indicated that he had grave doubts as to the scientific validity of the claims made in the article.

The article starts out by saying that insofar as the author of the article is aware there is not a single doctor or a single hospital in Canada using the technic of diagnosis in question.

The article itself indicates why this is the case for it points out that the circle in which the crystals appear has definite "zones" relating to specific body areas and that the "zone" of the lungs is to the right and left of the centre of gravity, the stomach is to the left centre just beyond the lungs, and the head zone beneath the centre of gravity at the bottom of the circle, etc. etc.—all of which must appear to a qualified scientist to be perfectly ridiculous. The article indicates that a few drops of blood are taken from a finger and placed upon a crystallization plate and then the characteristic crystals are formed. Just why blood from the liver should orient itself in the upper portion of the drop and blood from the head should orient itself in the lower portion of the drop is beyond my comprehension. The blood of any individual is being constantly mixed through the circulation and certainly such claims as are indicated above are enough in themselves to discredit the proposed technics.

A number of years ago we had the "Dr. Abrams Blood Diagnosis Technic" in which patients all over North America sent a drop of blood soaked up in a piece of blotting paper to "Dr." Abrams in California and he put it into some mysterious machine which diagnosed the disease of which the patient was suffering. The scandal became so acute that it was finally investigated under legal authority and the machine was found to contain a disconnected batch of wires and to have no value whatsoever, and if the technic of the Pfeiffer method is as you have outlined it in your issue of SATURDAY NIGHT, then I would class it in the same category with the Abrams technic.

All of the varied forms of crystallization which appear in the diagrams on page 4 of the SATURDAY NIGHT issue for September 6th are the typical diagrams which may be anticipated from various colloid phenomena in the drying and crystallizing process. If evaporation is more rapid from one side of the drop than it is from another side of the drop abnormalities of crystals will appear, but to believe that body areas are associated with certain areas in the crystallizing blood drops is to require a degree of credulity which I cannot even imagine.

I do not mean to indicate that some day we may not be able to diagnose cancer through blood tests in the same way that we diagnosed other diseases through use of blood tests, but I think it is a complete disservice to hold out hope to sufferers of cancer for diagnostic technics which do not have the general support of the medical profession.

R. A. GORTNER
Professor of Biochemistry
University of Minnesota,
St. Paul, Minn.

Winnipeg Leads

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN YOUR August 23 issue there is an article by Muriel Miller entitled "Rags, Bones, Bottles Into Salvage." In this article she says, "Let us look at the salvage plan in operation in Montreal, which city, by all odds, heads the Dominion in its sal-

vage work." A little further on she says, "In the past few months, Montreal made a profit of two thousand dollars from salvage. With this a mobile canteen was purchased and donated to the Red Cross."

Evidently Muriel Miller has no knowledge of the Patriotic Salvage Corps which has been operating in Winnipeg for the past fourteen months. You will, no doubt, be interested to know that, up to July 31 last, we have received revenue from the collection and sale of salvage amounting to \$31,459.64, and that we have already purchased, or have on order, eight mobile kitchen canteens, at a cost of approximately \$20,000. It is most unusual when we do not show a net profit of at least \$2,500 a month.

In other words, it is Winnipeg, and not Montreal, which leads the Dominion in salvage work, and we felt you would want to have this information in the event you may be planning future articles dealing with the collection and sale of salvage.

Winnipeg, Man. A. A. BROWN.

Page Col. Ralston

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

To what was Mr. Ralston urging the public in his September 14 radio broadcast? After he had finished, the one point that stood out pre-eminently was his emphatic pronouncement about the effort every individual should make in encouraging men to join the navy, army and air force—"a job that will be getting bigger as the months go by."

"It's a steady job for everybody. It's a real war job because fighting men are the very foundation of our war activities and the best guarantee of victory."

It sounds like a call to the white feather brigade, to the busybodies who point out everyone's duty but know the facts only about their own situation.

Mr. Ralston has provided the strongest argument for conscription yet heard. He sums up the overwhelming importance of men, and leaves it to the individual to urge on someone else his duty.

How much more reasonable, how much fairer for the government to say to every individual, "We need you. We shall look into your situation and decide where you will be most useful—in industry, on the farm or in the fighting services." Why does the Cabinet not act, instead of delegating its function to several million unofficial recruiting officers?

Vinceland, Ont. K. MORRISON.

R.C.A.F. Family Housing

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

The problem of living quarters for Air Force families is a serious one, nor is it helped much by the attitude of the citizens. All the small towns everywhere around the growing airports have suddenly discovered lots of business and some of the patriotic citizens are losing no time fleeing their own countrymen who have joined up. There are, of course, exceptions, but they are rare.

A great many citizens of the average town try to make as much money as they can out of the Air Force. They suddenly discover that that attic room in which all the junk has been lying can be cleaned out and rented for "how much can we get?" And it can, for the need for room is pressing what with rapidly expanding airports and the influx of wives and children. A man who has a family wants to live with them if possible, but the shortage of places, the high rents and the attitude of the landlords make it practically impossible. And yet in time of war, perhaps more than at any other time, the family as a unit should be preserved.

When my husband and I returned from our wedding trip the only living quarters we could find near his station and within our means was a

basement apartment with a linoleum floor over damp and mouldy concrete, the partitions of the rooms made out of a sort of heavy cardboard, tiny windows, and a perpetual musty smell. It was only thirty-five dollars a month which looked good until we discovered that to get enough water for one hot bath we had to keep the heater on all day and the bills for electricity were bringing the rent up to forty-three dollars a month. The furnace was right next door, but the heating came from pipes up in the ceiling and our apartment was for some inexplicable reason always the last to get warm. Then the landlord tried to raise our rent five dollars a month. We appealed to the Rental Control Board and our rent did not go up, but from then on had to put up with surly looks and many incivilities. The point is that no improvement had been made in the place to justify a sudden rise in price but more Air Force couples had arrived in town and were looking for places to live, ready to take anything.

We were still lucky compared to some of our friends. One couple had a bedroom, a living room and a tiny closet with a burner which did duty as the kitchen. It was located on top of a funeral parlor. They had to use the landlady's refrigerator and bathroom and were in constant fear of tripping over coffins and bumping over corpses in the hall. Another couple lived in a trailer rented at fifty dollars a month plus two-fifty per week for parking in the public park. Still another lived in what used to be a soda fountain with a wooden shutter in place of windows. They had just the one large room—and a small baby. They used the landlady's refrigerator in a house a block away. Some couples have tried hotels and tourist homes, but have found these too expensive.

The Rental Control Board has been doing much to aid conditions and give some assurance to Air Force couples that their rent will not skyrocket as soon as they are settled in a new place. But it has not changed the attitude of the man or woman who regards all Air Force people as nuisances, undesirable tenants or legitimate objects for exploitation.

The crowning touch came recently in the form of a complaint lodged by a small town to the effect that the aeroplanes flying at night make too much noise. Unless people realize that there is a war on and stop figuring how much they can make on that particular flier, there will be another flier above them and he will not care how much noise he makes with his load of bombs.

Trenton, Ont. "Air Force Wife."

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THE FRONT PAGE

(Continued from Page One)

count's diplomatic services in Latin-America. In the past SATURDAY NIGHT has raised this question, but on no occasion has a satisfactory answer been forthcoming. When Canada, after having sent a Minister of its own to Washington, decided to gradually expand its diplomatic service elsewhere, one of the first countries that should have been included was Mexico.

Direct relations with that country were probably as important as similar arrangements with Japan. Canadian investors have a large stake in Mexico, and many questions of real importance could be much more expeditiously dealt with through direct relations. At present any question affecting Canadian interests which arises in Mexico has to be dealt with circuitously through the British Foreign Office, seldom with any definite result.

For example there was the question of radio interference by Mexican stations of exceptionally high power using Canadian frequencies. We are not in a position to say how mat-

LIGHT

IT IS the deep, blue sky, the sun, the light, which make these Western plains so loved: to those

Who come from lands where days are rarely bright,
And dark, grey clouds prevail, the landscape glows

Through all the year with such translucency it vitalizes, holds them, calls them back.

"More light!" was once a dying poet's plea,
Amid the clouds of death's dissolving wrack.

"Send out Thy light!" should be our one true prayer

"Send out Thy light and truth, through these dark years,
And let them lead us." Dark is the cold despair

That shrouds the world in hatred, war, and tears;
O what can free mankind from this vast blight,

But that great poet's cry of "Light! More light!"

Calgary, Alta.

ELAINE M. CATLEY.

ters stand at present; but at one time hundreds of thousands of listeners in Manitoba and Saskatchewan were gravely inconvenienced, and even in the Toronto area transmission suffered materially at times. Canada's radio authorities found themselves unable to rectify a public grievance that affected countless homes, because of the lack of any channel through which direct representations could be made. This is but one instance. Many other occasions arise in which Canadian interests are handicapped by the present anomalous situation. If Canada had no legations in other lands the situation would not be so bad, but our failure to recognize our nearest neighbor but one in the world at large must undoubtedly be interpreted by Mexico as a snub.

Powerful Legends

DURING the early part of their Russian campaign the Nazis loved to compare the swiftness of their advance with that of Napoleon in 1812. Were they not in Smolensk in one month, whereas the great Corsican had taken two? But when they found themselves still in Smolensk at the end of a second month, and, third, they hastily repressed all comparisons with Napoleon's time-table.

The people remembered, however, so Hitler had to find a general to go on the air and explain that close study of Napoleon's campaign had convinced him that where Napoleon made his big mistake was in going beyond Smolensk the first year. He should have wintered there, replenished his supplies, and completed his campaign in the following spring. Came the anniversary of Napoleon's entry into Moscow and the Russians took up the comparison with gusto. All day long their radio taunted the Germans on their failure to equal with all their swift, modern machinery the 84-day record of Napoleon's horse-and-foot army.

Thus do the legends of the past work powerfully to depress the Germans and sustain the Russians. The memory of how Napoleon turned from failure to invade Britain to colossal disaster in Russia, and the recurring pat-



COMING DOWN TO EARTH

tern of the war of 1914-18, with Germany caught once again between two fires, once again facing American intervention, and again dependent on weak allies, must be an almost intolerable burden to the Germans in their moments of reflection. The Russians, on the other hand, are encouraged through their retreat and reverses and the destruction at their own hand of crops, cities and industries, by the memory of how a similar withdrawal and a similar scorched earth policy defeated an equally "invincible" invader once before.

A Royal Centenary

WERE the affairs of the Empire in a happier state this coming November would no doubt be marked by a more widespread recognition of the centenary of the birth of the late King Edward VII, than it is likely to receive. When he was born at Buckingham Palace on November 9, 1841 there was universal rejoicing, because the event promised a male succession to the Crown. Queen Victoria's first child had been a girl, later Crown Princess of Germany, and mother of the ex-Kaiser.

If there was a good fairy attendant at Edward's birth, her influence was potent throughout his life. No other monarch who ever sat on the throne of Britain led so happy a life both as heir-apparent and sovereign. When he died on May 6, 1910 no wars had disturbed the nine years of his reign. The long years when he was the social deputy of his more or less cloistered mother, were those of the fullest prosperity Britain had ever attained; and her future seemed unclouded.

Edward's charm had been all powerful ever since his childhood, though nothing could make him studious. The late Goldwin Smith, who lived many years in Toronto, was one of his tutors at Oxford. He has left it on record that the Prince was a comely youth and his manner was very engaging. He adds: "I am sure I bored him when I went to examine him in history." But their friendship continued to the end.

The death of Queen Victoria in 1901 is supposed to have ended an epoch in Britain, but it really continued through the reign of Edward VII. Probably the bitterest public experience of his life came a year before his death, when as a strict constitutionalist, he consented "on the advice of his Ministers" to the abolition of the veto of the House of Lords. This was really the end of the glamorous regime of privilege, under which he had been reared. Whether he was actually entitled to be called "Edward the Peacemaker" has and will be disputed. But the prayer "Give us peace in our time, O Lord" was answered in his case. No one can say how he would have met the tremendous problems his son George V dealt with so nobly; but he is an ineffaceable figure in the pageant of British life from 1860 to 1910. He was the only Edward of the eight who sat on the Throne whose life was surrounded by an aura of happiness.

A Conservative Leader

THERE is no question of greater national importance, subject only to questions relating to the prosecution of the war, than the building up of an effective and well-directed opposition in the House of Commons. The three articles by Mr. Dana Porter which have recently appeared in SATURDAY NIGHT on this subject considered the Conservative Party and its future as the official opposition. The chief perplexity of the Conservative Party today appears to be the question of leadership. If a permanent leader could be quickly settled upon and elected, the public would soon be able to size up the possibilities of this party in the light of the shaping issues of the day and the impending issues of the future.

The natural question left in the minds of readers of Mr. Dana Porter's articles is a question of personalities. Commencing in this issue, there will appear four further articles by the same author dealing with four prominent men, whose names have been publicly mentioned in relation to party leadership.

Duty to Be Intelligent

THE Macmillan Company in Canada have performed a considerable public service by their preparation of a series of pamphlets dealing with Canadian war problems. The scope of the series is wide and the writers have been chosen from among the most distinguished publicists in Canada. There is an excellent brief treatment of the problem of the New Canadian, formerly labelled "foreign-born," by John Murray Gibbon and an able handling of the question of war and religion by Claris Edwin Silcox, whose writings are familiar to readers of this paper. Irene Baird of Victoria, B.C., has written on The North American Tradition, and L. L. L. Golden presents a well-reasoned argument in favor of conscription.

Outstandingly the best of these pamphlets, however, is that written by Maurice Eisendrath on the unlikely subject of Reading in War-Time. Rabbi Eisendrath is one of the few men in Canada who could reasonably be called an intellectual who is not vaguely apologetic about that fact. He is not ashamed of his duty to lead and to instruct, and he has none of the intellectual's tendency to flatter his audience by pretending that they are as learned as he. In his pamphlet he flays the great body of Canadians who are content to remain uninformed about the war and the intellectual, moral and economic questions which are implicit in the present world situation. They put little value on the right to think for themselves.

For far too long Canada has combined a very high standard of living with a depressing indifference toward the world of ideas. The result is a foolish and uninformed timidity in all intellectual matters, including politics. It is high time that Canadians awoke to what Maurice Eisendrath aptly calls "their sacred duty to be intelligent."

THE PASSING SHOW

ACCORDING to the situation on the German-Russian front, sometimes the Japs want to fight and sometimes they don't. They seem to be playing with Britain and Russia and the United States the way a mouse plays with a cat.

Vichy has now borrowed three billion dollars to pay for the upkeep of the German army of occupation. Somehow we feel we could never afford that luxury.

An "air-anchor" has been developed to keep parachutists from spinning. But we always thought parachutists were tops.

DIATRIBE AGAINST DIGESTS

I hate the digests
Which monthly print
Their horrible stint
Of summarized articles—
Glittering particles,
Low jests and high jests,—
All so compressed
That to read them properly
I have to squint.

Oh for the days
Of the lengthy article!
The comprehensive,
Broad and extensive
Stream (not an art trickle)
Of legends and lays.

A writer's strength
May lie in his length;
Enough of your wry jests,
Pox on all digests!

The Gestapo has taken to spying on the German generals. This should enable Hitler to find out whether there's anything in those communiqués he issues.

London observers predict that the Luftwaffe will imitate the R.A.F.'s "master-plan" in bombing Britain this winter. But in their hands it may very easily develop into a "missed 'er" plan.

The United States has built a cargo ship with the propeller amidships. It seems this is the latest naval development.

The director-general of aircraft production in Canada predicts fighting on this continent next year if the Russians fold up. But the Russian fold-up has not been according to schedule.

The Germans have occupied almost as much of Russia as they did in the first great war. But in the near future the Germans are the ones who are going to be occupied.

GRITTY LINEN

Did you ever hear of a fellow called Mitch? They tell me he's a regular—star at Tactish—a fellow more able than General Wavell—a peach at prediction, he should go in for fiction, or vary his pranks, but don't tell the Yanks, with speeding up Tanks. Why not tell the Yanks about the lad's pranks? Because in old Berlin, like all filthy vermin, they revel in seer, publicly washed, our Gritty Linen. But, Adolf, beware, don't tread on his bunions, 'cos Mitch, we admit, sure knows his onions!

"RAPHER"

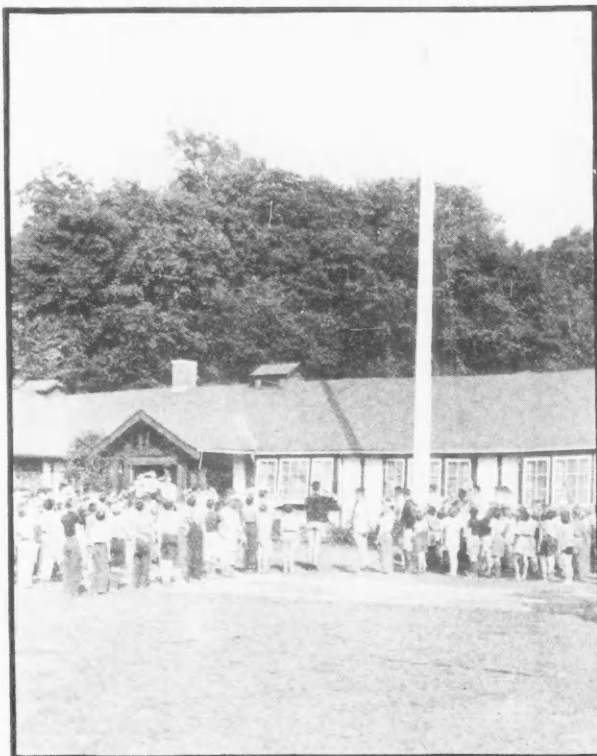
British car owners expect to be driving on the rims shortly, as the ministry of war transport requires all rubber. In Canada before long it should not be unusual to see automobiles propelled by hand.

An Ankara report states that the Nazis are suffering a grave shortage of labor. A grave shortage is the last thing we'd have expected them to have.

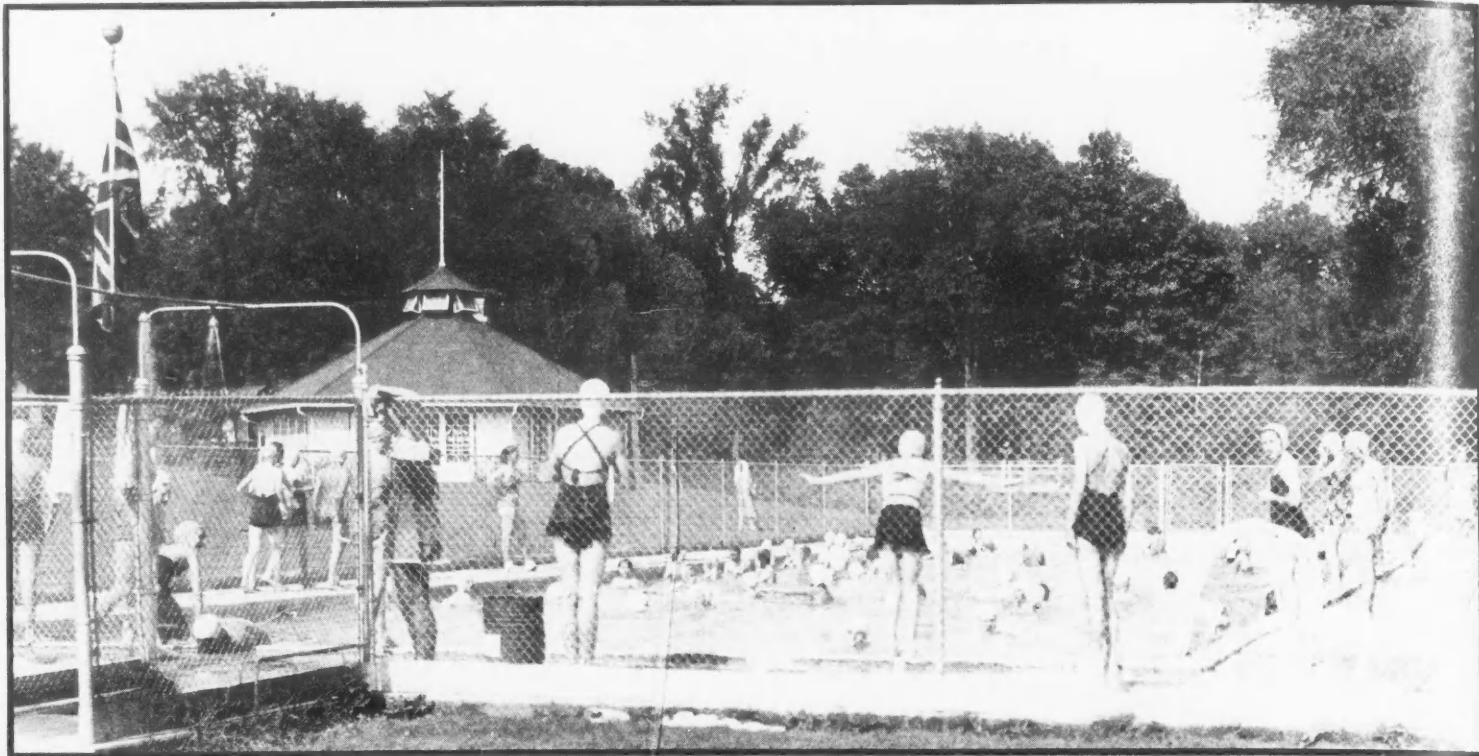
The cost of living has now risen twelve percent in Canada since war broke out. If inflation is on the way this may be regarded as a trial balloon.

The Nazis are still shooting "terrorists" in France. Whether or not you're a terrorist seems to depend quite simply on which end of the gun you're on.

Bolton Camp, A Holiday Haven for the Needy



The boys salute as the flag is lowered at evening



Sherbourne Camp older girls swim in one of 3 open air tanks where some 700 children learn to swim annually



Mary Denny, Camp Howell assistant program director

ONE of the greatest institutions in our work-a-day lives is the annual vacation. It is, or should be, a period of relaxation, change and adjustment—a time when the cares of everyday life are forgotten. But not all can afford a vacation.

Let us take the case of Mrs. Wrexall who is the mother of eight children; her prospects of a summer vacation would be very slight but for the generosity of others.

It is not that Mrs. Wrexall and the many others like her suffer poverty; it is simply that they require every cent of income in order to live. To provide the means for a holiday of only ten days is unthinkable, and it is then that the generosity of others, applied through the organization of the Neighborhood Workers' Association, steps in and sends these less fortunate to Bolton Camp, near Toronto, for ten days.

There are really four camps in the area: Howell, Hastings, Sherbourne and Rotary. Howell and Hastings are known as family camps where mothers with children ranging from babies in arms to boys of seven and girls of ten to eleven are housed. Sherbourne is for girls above the age of eleven and Rotary for boys from eight to fourteen.

With a range of ages such as this, the activities of each group and each camp must be carefully planned. The mothers who suddenly step from the

tense city life of meals, dishes, financial worries and war news find opportunities to swim, dance, hike, picnic and listen to good music.

In the nursery school there has been introduced a very definite program for children from two to four years old, based on the principles and

BY "JAY"

methods of the Institute of Child Study at University of Toronto. The children are required to do certain things at definite times during the day, such as toilet routine and drinking a glass of milk in the middle of the morning, while for long periods they are free to seek their own activities.

Sherbourne Camp is for girls from 11 to 16. Like the other camps it is made up of a number of cabins. When a new party arrives, a campers' council is formed, consisting of one girl from each cabin, chosen by her cabin mates as most capable of voicing their opinions and protecting their interests in camp activities. The election is always held on the fourth day of the new camp—each party is called a camp—and the new council immediately goes into session. Matters pertaining to discipline, bounds, tardiness are discussed and solved.

Swimming, handicraft work, hiking, archery, folk dancing, music, dramatics, nature study, etc., are all

indulged in for specified periods.

At Rotary Boys' Camp, there is a democracy of life which emphasizes the dignity and importance of each individual. Each boy is made to feel that he is part of the camp, and that his contribution is as necessary as that of the counsellors. Leadership tendencies are developed and it is believed that through this training Bolton Camp offers unusual opportunities for the inculcation of democratic ideas. To encourage embryonic leaders and to provide a medium through which the campers can express themselves on the many phases of camp life, a council of Little Chiefs is elected. As with the girls, the election does not take place until the new camp has been in existence 4 days.

Many who go to Bolton pay according to their means, while many more are the guests of the Neighborhood Workers' Association.

During the period from October 8 to October 17, appeals will be made by the Federation for Community Service for funds to sustain Bolton Camp as well as other organizations. The annual vacation is an institution which has become a necessary part of our harried lives and we who have the means to enjoy its benefits can, with little inconvenience, subscribe, through the Federation for Community Services, to the enjoyment of those who find Bolton Camp a peaceful, 10-day holiday haven.



Four mothers at Camp Howell in the craft period



Wrexall family "prospects of a vacation would be slight"



Nursery School at Camp Howell looks after the smaller children



A patrol moves through battered Tobruk on its way to the front lines



Anzac mail reaches Tobruk in 12 days



The daily paper "Dinkum Oil" hasn't missed an issue

The Australians Are Still Holding Tobruk

ON SEPTEMBER 14, 1940, the Italians under desert-baked Marshal Rodolfo Graziani pushed across the frontier into Egypt from Libya, took Salami, and one week later took Sidi-Barrani. The Italians then settled down to establish themselves in Egypt and to strengthen their supply lines before pushing on to what looked like a full dress parade into Alexandria.

At dawn on December 9, 1940, the British Army of the Nile commenced a general offensive against the Italians in the Western Desert with an attack on the camp at Nibeiwa, 15 miles south of Sidi-Barrani. In two hours the camp and 500 Italian prisoners were in British hands.

By the end of the first week after the start of the masterly campaign under General Wavell, the Italians had been pushed over the frontier into Libya.

At dawn on January 21, the assault on Tobruk, 85 miles west of Bardia, began, and by nightfall Australian and "Free French" forces had penetrated its defenses to a depth of 8 miles. The capture of the town was completed by nightfall on January 22, after a 2-week siege and a 36-hour assault. The first British troops to reach the main town square were greeted by a captured Australian airman who shouted: "Welcome pals! The town is yours!"

The momentum of that offensive was to carry the British on to Benghazi and there was talk of taking Tripoli, but already the Army of the Nile was being weakened by withdrawal to bolster the Greek army.

The Counter Offensive

On April 5, 1941, a strong Axis force, with a German backbone, launched a counter offensive against the British and on April 13, the first attack, were beaten off at Tobruk. The attacks on Tobruk were to reach an almost effort with artillery, dive-bombers, tanks, flame throwers and infantry engaged. At one time the enemy penetrated the outer fortifications. That was his biggest gain.

Today, after 176 days of siege, Tobruk has the unenvied reputation of being the most blitzed area on the face of the earth and it still holds. Today the words of the military spokesman, uttered on June 15, 1941, are still good: "Our forces could fight their way out of Tobruk if they desired, or could be evacuated by sea. Where they are, they represent a serious menace to the enemy lines of communication."

Before World War II spread to the Western Desert, Tobruk was a bleached white and pale rose town on the south shore of the Mediterranean

A brief glimpse into the fortress of Tobruk which lies astride Axis lines in Libya.

And a quick introduction to the Aussies who hold Tobruk.

in Libya, about forty miles from the Egypt's western boundary.

Today there's not a building in Tobruk but bears a mark of the merciless pounding the town has undergone in the last 6½ months. The harbor is a graveyard of sunken ships, most of them Italian. Barely visible above the water is the hull of the 9,200-ton Italian cruiser "San Giorgio," forced ashore by the R.A.F. and used by the Italians as a sea fort until the bombardment of Tobruk set her on fire.

The defense area is approximately 11 miles from Tobruk proper and spreads out in a great 30-mile fan around the town. These perimeter defenses which were built by the Italians have been made almost impregnable when manned by determined troops. They bristle with machine guns, field guns, Bren guns and anti-tank guns. Backing them up are tanks, armored cars, the R.A.F.

Delivering the Goods

Supplies reach Tobruk regularly, with delivery undertaken by the Royal Navy. Air mail has reached the beleaguered town 12 days after it was posted in Australia.

Destroyers, their slippery decks laden with hundreds of cases of supplies, run the gauntlet of submarines and dive bombers to race full speed into the harbor in the dark.

Then lighters put out from the battered docks, pick their way carefully through a marsh of sunken Axis vessels and warp alongside. Men and supplies are transferred to the lighters on one side of the warship while the wounded and outgoing material are taken aboard on the opposite side. The largest outgoing cargo is Axis prisoners.

An hour and a half of feverish work and the destroyer is at sea again.

In civilianless, womanless Tobruk, a "normal" life has developed. The Australians publish a daily paper called "Dinkum Oil" which means, roughly, the "Real Low-Down." The paper is edited by Sergeant Robert Williams who gets his news from one of the few radios in Tobruk, then mimeographs some 600 sheets for distribution among the troops. On the masthead are the words "We always appear." So far the paper hasn't missed a day.

The Australians who hold Tobruk were raw recruits when they reached the Western Desert. They had been given some training in Australia and had then been sent to Egypt to be polished. They have proven themselves the masters of the best the Axis has. To the Italians they are brown-faced, rugged-framed demons. Not so long ago a British officer at Cairo was quoted as saying: "If someone at Tobruk goes out and says 'Boo', the Italians lay down enough artillery barrage to stop a division and set up enough illumination to rival fireworks at Crystal Palace."

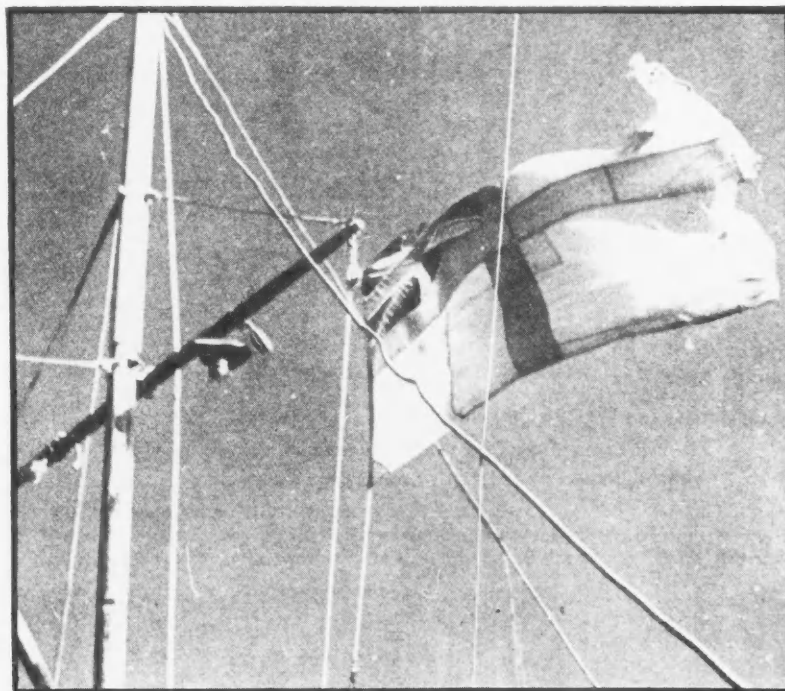
One night a patrol of Aussies spied a German tank advancing with the turret open. Ordered to drop a grenade down the opening, a young Aussie crept up on the tank, dunked his bomb, closed the top, sat on it for a moment, then sprang off. The tank burst into flame. A few minutes later another tank was treated in the same manner. Said the Aussie: "I doubt whether I could get away with sitting on turret lids in daylight—especially with other tanks in the background."

A Bad Job

Axis forces in Libya have given up Tobruk as a bad job. Already they have constructed a by-pass around the city to move supplies to their troops who have moved on past this little bit of Australia in the Western Desert. The new highway is well-designed and constructed. It is obviously meant to be permanent and must be the most heavily-guarded 40 miles of road in the world. It is separated from Tobruk's perimeter of defenses by mine fields, barbed wire, booby traps, tank ditches, machine-gun nests and anti-tank posts. Along it is stationed the best part of three divisions.

But the enemy can never be sure of his deliveries over that 40-mile stretch of desert highway. Until Tobruk falls, no panzer divisions can advance into Egypt and be sure that lines of communication won't be neatly snipped behind them. The Aussies are confident that they can hold Tobruk. One day, they say, they will get enough materiel and chase the Germans and Italians right out of Africa.

And men fighting with them think they can do it, too. One day a British patrol picked up several German prisoners. Escorted into Tobruk, one German drew himself up before the Commanding Officer and declared: "We have truth and justice on our side." "Sure," grinned the escorting Tommy, "but we have the Aussies on our side."



Above: tattered but still flying, the Naval ensign flutters over Tobruk from the original Italian flagstaff. Below: A forward battery lobs shells into the enemy's lines. The perimeter defenses of Tobruk were built by the Italians and "have been made almost impregnable when manned by determined troops. They bristle with machine guns, Bren guns and anti-tank guns . . . tanks, armored cars and the Royal Air Force".



Murdoch MacPherson as Conservative Leader

BY DANA PORTER

ONE prevalent fallacy that besets the minds of many Conservatives in discussing the question of party leadership springs from a widely held theory of fuhrer worship. Leadership on this basis implies an almost emotional exaltation of some one indispensable superman. Men whose names have been mentioned as potential leaders receive belittling comments because, measured by such standards, their deficiencies are glaringly obvious. The Conservative Party still suffers as a party from the terrifying forcefulness of the great but one-man achievement of Viscount Bennett.

But because today the supermen have not appeared to view, it does not follow, as many appear to believe,

that the party need be bankrupt of leadership material. Let us not view the problem of leadership in terms of one man. For to appraise the qualities of one man in isolation, unrelated to the qualities of those who might closely collaborate with him in the functions of leadership, will give a totally inadequate test of his full possibilities.

It is the purpose, therefore, of this and three succeeding articles, to present from this view-point, four widely known distinguished men. Any one of these four, envisaged with the close and active support of the other three, offers a prospect for leadership of the highest order. Let us first consider Murdoch Alexander MacPherson.

If the Conservative Party is not seeking a fuhrer but one who will lead by democratic methods, there are at least four men who, regarded as if working in co-operation, can provide leadership of the highest order, says Dana Porter. The career of Murdoch MacPherson is outlined from this viewpoint.

Mr. MacPherson first suddenly emerged into national prominence at the Conservative convention of 1938. He arrived at Ottawa as a delegate from Regina. He called at the hotel room of an old friend. In this room there were three others. These men had each in different ways served the party in the past, and were disturbed about the trend of the convention that appeared to be taking shape. The relaxed grip of the leadership of R. B. Bennett had released the party into the hands of the machine. As a result of this interview Murdoch MacPherson agreed to contest the leadership. Without the advantage of previous preparation, with no advance publicity, without any past experience as a member of the Dominion House, he threw in his challenge.

Personal Magnetism

By the sheer force of his personal magnetism he rapidly during those three days attracted a host of new friends. The convention began to assume the aspect of a major contest. His speech was a great example of his special capacity to simplify the issue; it rung with transparent sincerity; it aroused an ovation. He had not entered the breach with any well-founded assurance of a win. He had done so because his friends had forcefully put it to him as a disinterested duty to give expression to the growing demand for a protest. In this electric atmosphere of spontaneity, he shone forth at his best.

The convention is a theoretically democratic device, recently borrowed by the Conservative Party for the purpose of choosing a leader. It has by no means yet proved its unequal-

ified usefulness for accomplishing this end. But one good thing that it did was to establish a national reputation for Murdoch MacPherson as a dynamic political personality seriously to be reckoned with.

Murdoch MacPherson was born at Grand Anse, Cape Breton, April 16, 1891. His ancestors, of Scottish origin, had settled in Canada more than a century before. His early education in the Public Schools at Grande Anse, at St. Peter's Academy and at Pictou Academy led to the study of law at the Dalhousie Law School. With that characteristic spontaneity which later became dramatized on a much larger stage, he went to Swift Current, Saskatchewan, to engage in the practice of law in association with the late Dan Buckles, K.C. Upon his arrival at Swift Current he applied to the Bank of Nova Scotia for a loan of \$300.00, which was granted. With this capital combined with Scottish perseverance he set about the pursuit of his chosen profession.

In 1915 he enlisted. Upon qualifying for his commission, he was appointed Major in the 209th Battalion, with which he proceeded to England. In order to get to the front line in France he reverted to the rank of lieutenant and served with the 10th Battalion. Following the Battle of Vimy Ridge, he suffered a wound in the leg, as the result of which he was returned to Canada and demobilized. For a time he resumed his law practice, and for a time he acted as solicitor for the Soldier Settlement Board. In the Federal election of 1921 he ran in Regina against the Honorable W. R. Motherwell and Dr. Hugh MacLean, the Progressive candidate. Although defeated he made a creditable showing and gained in popularity.

In the 1925 Provincial election he was a Conservative candidate for Regina and won a seat in the Saskatchewan legislature. He was later re-elected by a very large majority and became Attorney-General of the Anderson administration, the first Conservative government in the history of Saskatchewan. Subsequently, he was appointed Provincial Treasurer, and combining the duties of the two portfolios remained in office until the defeat of this government in 1934. His only other political contest resulted in defeat in the Federal election of 1940.

An Able Lawyer

During the years after 1921 when he was not in the Provincial cabinet, Mr. MacPherson devoted most of his waking hours to the building up of a substantial law practice. The subject of lawyers in Parliament can always be counted upon to raise some ripple of mild popular resentment. But lawyers in public life are there because from the peculiar nature of their training and experience with human business problems they are as a class equipped to meet the contentions of public life.

The practice of Murdoch MacPherson spread and grew in a variety of directions. While at the bar he has been engaged in some of the most important pieces of litigation in the Province. But a practice such as his in the prairie city of Regina is more than a mere forensic exercise. It is a great and absorbing study of human relationships in their most vivid form. From day to day, in that unpretentious little office, where Murdoch MacPherson, the teetotaler, incessantly smokes his briar pipe, the tangled tale unfolds the furtive confidences of greeds and hates and lusts and rank despair; the occasional fillip of the profitable transaction; the bleak frustration of the broken homes; the warm glow from the bumper crop; the grim relentless toll of the dust and the grasshoppers that are a burden, and the rust; and ever the searching scrutiny to extract the grain of truth.

And with this jumbled melee of personal problems, it is not difficult to imagine in that law office in Regina a constant brisk exchange of political opinions. There is perhaps no more effective sounding board for what people think about

governments than the lawyer's office where an extensive and varied practice is carried on. Each act that is passed, each policy that is announced is seen from the close range view-point of its effect upon the prosperity of individual clients. Yet beyond all this as a vast and constant background to the cross purposes of individual conflicts, looms the mysterious dignity of the law.

There have been rumors that Murdoch MacPherson is handicapped by ill health. If so, it has not prevented consistent long hours of strenuous legal practice. It has not deterred him from undertaking his full share



Murdoch MacPherson whom Dana Porter proposes as a possible Conservative leader. "The Conservative Party cannot afford to waste the services of this Canadian of resilient fibre and persistent vitality"



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in the Regina Community Chest Annual Drive, various war services, the Victory Loan and war service campaigns and many similar public causes.

In 1933 he accompanied Mr. Bennett to the World Wheat Conference at London. Murdoch MacPherson has become an authority on wheat and the problems of farming in Western Canada. He was the leading counsel for the western wheat pools before the Turgeon Commission. He was to a large extent responsible for the design and the enactment of the Farmers' Creditors Arrangement Act, which was primarily directed to the alleviation of conditions in the West. Owing to his unusual grasp of the complex features of this problem, he was

charged with the initial administration of the act throughout the Dominion. He executed this assignment with such vision and understanding that his reputation in the West increased beyond measure.

In 1915 Murdoch MacPherson married Miss Iowa Briggs of Swift Current. They have five children, two daughters and three sons, the youngest of whom is fourteen. One son obtained a commission in the Indian Army. The eldest son is a lieutenant with the Canadian Army in England.

The Conservative Party cannot afford to waste the services of this Canadian of resilient fibre and persistent vitality. Those who know him discern the unmistakable qualities of leadership.

Russians Defeated Napoleon

BY G. H. BALL

Too long, says the author of this article, General Winter has been credited with the defeat of Napoleon's Grande Armée.

Here he presents evidence that it was "the strategy of General Kutusov and the exertions of his gallant soldiers" which defeated the French.

came on October 27, the weather for the first time being cold and sharp. Then warmer weather returned and the marshes and sluggish streams were open. The country became a morass. On November 26 the weather was still open and Eblee's pioneers worked all day and all night in the waters of the Beresina River constructing bridges.

After Napoleon left his army on December 5 the weather turned colder, but the coldest encountered by

Murat and his 400 infantry and 600 unmounted cavalry when they reached Koenigsburg on December 10 had been 23 degrees above zero.

GENERAL WINTER is a terrible adversary in a northern country. But it was not General Winter who defeated Napoleon and destroyed his Grande Armée. That work was accomplished by the strategy of General Kutusov and the exertions of his gallant soldiers.

SOME years ago there were many thousands of homes in America with pictures showing the retreating soldiers of Napoleon's Grande Armée trudging through deep snow on the retreat from Moscow, and the children were told that it was General Winter who defeated the hitherto invincible Napoleon and his peerless soldiers. Everyone believed that the long march through a trackless country through snow that was waist and shoulder deep in the sub-zero weather was the cause of the great débâcle and the loss of four hundred thousand of Napoleon's soldiers.

Whether these stories were true and whether they were fair to the Russian generals and to the Russian soldiers of that time may be seen from the following brief statements:

On the 24th of June, 1812, Napoleon crossed the Niemen River on the 550-mile expedition to Moscow, confidently assured that his capture of that city would immediately result in Russia's abject surrender.

He had 363,000 soldiers, 80,000 of these being cavalry. This army had to be spread out so that they might get their subsistence from the country through which they marched. Unfortunately for them the time was ill chosen; the 1811 crop had been used up or carted away by the Russians; the new crops were not yet ripe. The horses ate the green fodder. In ten days Napoleon had lost more than 20,000 horses from colic and the remaining horses were sick.

The Russians fought retarding actions, retreating at night and carrying off supplies for the men and fodder for the horses. This caused a heavy strain on Napoleon's supply columns and forced his weakened cavalry to range wider than usual to get the required food.

ON SEPTEMBER 13 the Russians evacuated Moscow and on the 14th the French entered the city, hoping to have comfortable billets for the winter with plenty of food and loot. That night fires started in various parts of the city, but looting and pillaging went on.

The fires spread. Discomfort and danger increased. Finally the French were forced to leave the city, which they did on October 19, after unsuccessfully trying to blow up the Kremlin. On the 25th of October they started on the long road back to France.

With the Russian cavalry buzzing about them like hornets, the French, fighting and retreating, reached Smolensk on November 9, and rested there till the 14th, recuperating and bringing in the stragglers. The whole day of the 26th the bridge builders worked in the waters of the slow and sluggish Beresina River, and that night and the next day the army crossed the river, some by the bridges and more through the fords, under tremendous pressure from the Russians who attacked them from the rear and on the flanks. On November 28 the total of Napoleon's army reporting for duty was 8,800 men.

On December 5 Napoleon saw that the fate of his army was decided. He left Murat in command and with a few personal attendants started on his quick dash for home. He reached Versailles 312 hours later, on December 18.

WHEN Napoleon crossed the Niemen River on June 24 the weather was very hot, and many of his men died from the heat. When the retreat from Moscow started on October 25 the weather was dry and bracing, unusually mild for that season in that district. The first frost



What is the most vital war work housewives can do?

OF ALL the many types of war work in which Canadian women are engaged — one takes first place. Today, more than ever before, they must help keep their families healthy. Physical fitness and a high level of national health are vital to Canada's war effort.

Keeping healthy begins with the eating of proper food — in proper quantities — at proper times. Malnutrition is our greatest producer of ill health.

Correct nutrition affects us all in many ways. It affects the health and working efficiency of the thousands of war workers engaged in essential war industries — it is important that they do not lose a single hour from their jobs. It affects our national morale and courage. It helps to protect Canadians from the diseases which go along with war and which may spread in the period immediately following.

Serious deficiencies in diet have been revealed by studies recently conducted in four key cities in Canada. Improper nutrition was found at all income levels, indicating that family income is not the only governing factor. These studies

show the need — right now — for closer attention to food by housewives if Canadians are to avoid the serious consequences of diet deficiencies.

Here is a war time responsibility that is squarely put up to every housewife by Canada's Council on Nutrition.

She should make sure, in preparing the family's daily meals, that these foods, all produced within Canada's borders, are used:

Milk and milk products
Potatoes and other vegetables
Whole grain breads and cereals
Raisins, fruits and canned tomatoes
Eggs, meat, fish.

(This list is taken from the booklet "Food for Health in Peace and War.")

These foods supply the substances necessary for good health, including the essential vitamins. They are within the food budget of every home.

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Epidemics Threaten Europe

BY ROY McWILLIAM

Disease has followed in the wake of every war, decimating armies and being spread by prisoners.

To-day epidemics are not confined to armies: they attack civilians as well. After the last war, 10,000,000 people perished of influenza in 3 months of 1918. Now, weakened by hunger, Europe is facing another scourge.

JAMES WOOD JOHNSON who investigated famine conditions in Spain with Dr. Alexis Carrel stated in his published account recently that there were 400,000 people in Madrid in need of food. The Auxilio Social was serving one hot meal a day to a million people in the country—a quarter of the number in need. What would happen if an epidemic struck Spain is easy to imagine. Already pellegra and anaemia are widespread. Hunger, worry, overcrowding, mass movements of refugees and the disruption of water and drainage services prepare the way for death to reap a rich harvest. So far the continent has escaped, although there were reports of 20 to 30 cases of typhus a day occurring in Madrid recently. But it is certain that the deaths to be laid at the Nazis' door will not be limited to those killed by bombs and bullets.

During and immediately after the Great War, disease killed many more civilians than German bullets killed soldiers. Ten million people were estimated to have perished of influenza in three months of 1918 alone. There were 400,000 cases of typhus in Poland, 100,000 deaths from the same disease in Serbia. Austria-Hungary suffered terribly from diseases which found easy prey in a people whose rulers had failed to supply them with even a minimum of food. The total number of deaths all over the world as a result of war epidemics

has been put as high as 30,000,000—a greater number than perished in the great plague that killed a quarter of the population of Europe in the 14th century.

Disease has always swept in the wake of armies. Formerly it was the armies themselves that were decimated, with typhus and typhoid the great killers. The Great War was the first in which the soldiers incapacitated or killed by fighting exceeded those laid low by disease. In all the great wars of the last century—the Crimea, the South African War, the American Civil War, deaths from disease were at least double deaths in action. The Russo-Japanese war marked the turning point. The Japanese took extreme care to prevent epidemics amongst

their troops and were successful. They were aided, of course, by new knowledge of the way in which diseases are spread.

It is a commonplace fact that today the civilian is in the front line, and it may be to civilians that the invisible death will turn. Civilians on the greater part of the continent are not so well fed as the armies. Their numbers are such that the control of supplies and sanitation cannot be so complete as with armies. The mass migration of refugees and prisoners results in disease being carried great distances. Interesting examples of this come from the past. French prisoners taken in the Franco-Prussian war carried smallpox into Germany. About 170,000 German civilians died in the subsequent epidemic. This compares with 28,000 German soldiers killed by the French. The epidemic did not end in Germany. It spread to many European countries and even reached Britain.

Austrian prisoners taken by the Serbs in the Great War brought typhus with them. It killed most of the Austrian prisoners and about 100,000 Serbs. The movement of troops and prisoners probably explains how the influenza epidemic of 1918 spread all round the world, reaching even Pacific Islands, one-fifth of the population of Fiji died.

Typhus and typhoid have been the great killers. Typhus is one of the oldest known diseases and destroyed armies in ancient times. It cut up the armies of Barbarossa and destroyed the Crusaders more effectively than the Infidels. It was the "pestilence" and gaol fever of the Middle Ages. At some Assizes it was brought into court by prisoners and destroyed judges, lawyers, jury and spectators. It is a disease of dirt, poverty and over-crowding and preventive measures are limited to avoiding these conditions. In Britain it has long disappeared, but on the continent it has almost invariably followed wars. Fortunately it is now more easy to control. Workers of the League of Nations did magnificent work in stamping it out after the Great War at the cost of many lives in the health service.

Typhoid Killer

Typhoid played a significant part in the wars of the 19th century. It sent 31,000 British troops back from the South African war, attacked 72,000 Germans in the Franco-Prussian war, 20,000 Americans in the Spanish-American war. It is a disease largely carried by water and food, therefore liable to break out when water and sewage systems break down. In most countries it is endemic, that is to say, liable to break out into an epidemic at any time. The degree of control that has been obtained by inoculation and sanitary control is shown by the fact that whereas the incidence in the Boer War was 105 per 1000 men a year, in the Great War the highest incidence, in Egypt, only reached 6.9 per 1000 men.

In tropical countries, cholera, plague and malaria have taken heavy toll during and immediately following wars. These diseases can now be controlled and the chances of epidemics in temperate climates is small. Indeed, medicine has now reached the stage where it can face epidemics with a certain confidence. The deadly nature of epidemics associated with war is largely due to the weakening of the powers of resistance of millions of people. The first line of defence is adequate food and Hitler with his policy of semi-starvation of conquered peoples may be laying up fearful punishment for the Germans, since germs do not show any discrimination between pure Aryan and any other blood.

The diseases of semi-starvation are not epidemic. The commonest are pellegra, anaemia, scurvy, night blindness and other diseases of vitamin deficiency. Real famine such as Britain has not known for centuries produces a listless state of mind which is no doubt very satisfactory to German conquerors. But it can also produce violence and the cry of "Bread" has often preceded revolution.

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Executions Won't Halt Anti-Nazi Revolt

BY RAYMOND ARTHUR DAVIES

The little peoples of the conquered nations of Europe are in revolt. To stamp out the rebellion, the Nazis are shooting hostages. Sometimes those executed are guilty; for the most part, they are victims picked at random.

But far from terrorizing the occupied countries, the executions are uniting the conquered people of the continent.

FRUSTRATED in their aim of imposing abject serfdom upon the peoples of Europe, the enraged Nazis have now come to the wreaking of vengeance upon the innocent, the shooting at random of hostages, whose only crime can be that of belonging to the conquered nations.

Vae Victis!—Woe to the Vanquished! This was the cry of the Roman soldiery as it put the peaceful peoples of the defeated countries to the sword. Today Vae Victis is the unspoken threat of the destructive Nazi horde which aims at a humanity brought down to its very lowest level, a humanity quite indistinguishable from inhumanity. Vae Victis! cry the big and little fuhrers of the system of mechanized barbarism, which we call Nazism. But Nazism reverts even farther than the days of the Romans. Its New Order is really a mechanized stone age.

The world shudders at reports of the inhuman mass murder being performed in cold blood by the Nazi military in France, in Norway, in Belgium, in Yugoslavia. Yet it is not a shudder of fear, but rather one of liberation, which shakes off the last remaining mores of peaceful life in favor of war to the end against Berlin's beastly, barbarous brutality.

The toll taken by the murderers grows. Since August 23 when the first attack occurred in Paris against a Nazi soldier, 35 Parisian hostages have been shot. In Poland the toll runs into the hundreds. In Yugoslavia at least 219 hostages have been executed. In Norway, 15, in Belgium, 28, in the Netherlands, 30. The Nazis boast in August alone 295 were executed in occupied countries. Nor is the end in sight of this mechanized, conveyor-belt execution.

To most of us who still inhabit that illusory American glass house, whose walls are made of oceans and where war is but a distorted vision, the shooting of hostages is incomprehensible. But let us try to transfer it into terms of our own.

Imagine a calamity where the Nazis are in control of Toronto. At the corner of Yonge and St. Clair a Nazi soldier attempting to rape a young girl is shot dead by her enraged father, who escapes. The news spreads through the city. Within a few minutes Nazi military cars speed through the streets. They search every house near the scene of the shooting. They arrest every male over 14 and carry him off to jail. They descend upon the University of Toronto (which as a matter of fact under such circumstances would probably not be open) and take into custody a number of professors. They raid the Deer Park United Church and other churches and arrest the ministers. They carry off the minister of the Yorkminster Baptist Church. They raid the Labor Temple and take along everyone they find.

In the evening, the German commander proclaims that in reprisal for the shooting of the German soldier, ten Torontonians are to be shot. The milling mass of citizens filling the prisons is told to count off. Every 50th man is told to step out. Then the ten are led into the courtyard, or perhaps, for effectiveness sake, to Queen's Park and shot by a firing squad. In the morning their names are posted everywhere. The Toronto Star, the Globe and Mail and the Telegram carry front page announcements to the effect that more will be executed if further outbreaks occur. These announcements are signed by the German commander. There has been no trial. There could be no hearing. There can be no appeal. Death had come to ten Torontonians because they lived in the city. They were Canadians. That was their crime. Meanwhile the rest of the hostages are held against the eventuality of further outbreaks.

This is how the system of hostages functions. Sometimes they're taken even before any trouble occurs—just as a precaution. But can this bring anything beside new attacks, greater rebellion? Again, take yourself to Toronto. You wouldn't stop working against the invader simply because ten, fifty, a hundred people were shot, would you? Would not the shooting rather have the effect of inciting you to anti-Nazi action even if prior to that you were simply a quiet, modest, insignificant small man or woman, whose only problem was how to get along? The likelihood is that it would.

Stimulus to Sabotage

This is precisely the result obtained by the Nazis. Far from halting anti-Nazi outbreaks in Paris and elsewhere, executions of hostages have only brought on further actions. The only thing that the Nazis have accomplished was to unite the people against them. Unite that people, which prior to the latest wave of terror was still divided, still split into Protestants, Catholics, Jews, workers and employers, storekeepers and clerks, republicans, socialists and communists. In the eyes of the Nazis all Parisians but those recognized as their slavish tools are subject to punishment. The result has been an unexpected and never-before-achieved unity of the people.

Of course, not all of those executed as hostages are people entirely innocent of anti-Nazi activity. The Germans claim, and Petain supports them, that many are Communists. This is true. Yet you must remember that the Germans and Vichyites call anyone who resists Communist, perhaps with the view of confusing and dividing foreign opinion, and the Catholics.

Few of those executed in France

have been people of prominence. Most of them were French workingmen, small bourgeois, storekeepers. Some were Jews. Their names meant little outside their *faubourg* or *arrondissement*. To most Canadians the victims are nameless embodiments of the will to persist of a great people. But there are some exceptions. One of these is Raymond Guyot, Communist deputy from one of the Paris Red Belt districts, who along with nine others, was executed on September 19 in reprisal for the shooting of a Nazi soldier in which none of the ten was implicated.

There are at least 36 Canadians who knew Raymond Guyot. In 1936 he was secretary of the Young Communist International, representing his organization at the First World Youth Congress held in Geneva during the summer of that year. To this Congress Canadian youth groups sent 36 delegates, who in addition to representatives of the Y's, Church young people's societies, political youth groups, etc., also included three M.P.'s Conservative Denton Massey, Liberal Paul Martin, and C.C.F. Tommy Douglas.

The People's Front

Those were the heydays of the People's Front. In Geneva, long impassioned discussions were held on problems of youth unity in the struggle for "Peace, Freedom and Progress." The Religious Commission sat for days pondering the problem of achieving the unity of Protestant, Catholic and Jewish youth with atheists and political and social groups including the Young communists. It was in this commission that the Canadians met Raymond Guyot.

Enthusiastic, impassioned, tall, dark and personable, about 31 or 32 years of age, Guyot quickly won a friendly hearing in the commission, most of whose members were diametrically opposed to his ideals. Of the Canadian delegation it was strangely enough Paul Martin who came into closest contact with Guyot since he was one of the few who could speak French fluently and had to interpret for the delegation. Guyot pleaded for unity. He warned against the possible victory of Nazism if the world's youth remained disunited. He was backed by the Spanish delegation which appealed for aid and warned of the consequences of its refusal. But Guyot was a Communist. Many delegates distrusted his views. As men and women fellow delegates however, he and the Canadians got along well. He is said to have told someone that he thought the Canadians were the pick of the more than five hundred people present. "Even if you don't agree with him," one of the Canadians said at the time, "you must admit Guyot's sincerity and forcefulness." "He'll certainly know how to die for his ideals," a delegate added. Everyone laughed. Death was so incredible, so distant. Yet today Guyot is dead. He fell in the struggle for his ideals, which at the moment of his death strangely coincided with those of his Geneva critics. His death was a sacrifice to the fight for France's freedom. The Canadians (who laughed) are still well and alive, and the war for them, for us, is still so beautifully distant!

"Only a nation corrupted by a dark Nazi medievalism," writes the *New York Times*, "could condone so shameful a process or accept it as an instrument of government. That it is revealed as the only foundation of Hitler's New Order is the tragedy of German conquest. The conquerors have nothing to offer but the barren alternatives of abject submission or decimation by lot."

But having once begun this "decimation by lot" where can the Nazis stop? They can not kill off the whole population of Europe, for this would deprive them of needed labor power. They can not stop assassination, strike and sabotage, for every execution only fertilizes the ground upon which these thrive. They can not give the people bread and work, they are unable to give them peace. They can offer no other perspectives but further murder. They must go on pitting execution squad to strike and revolution. This is the logic of the present situation, a logic which has thus far eluded the Germans, but one which they are certain to perceive sooner or later, when they go down to crushing defeat.

Let the Nazis gloat. We know that innocent hostages and such as Raymond Guyot have not died in vain. Their very act of defiance, their very act of daring to live in the polluted atmosphere of Nazism which has been calculated to kill all independent will and thought, is an act of inspiration to other millions. The shooting of Edith Cavell and Burgomeister Max did not win the last war for Germany. The shooting of a thousand and Edith Cavells and Max's of World War II, will not do so this time.



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FROM WEEK TO WEEK

Every week B. K. Sandwell, Editor of SATURDAY NIGHT, selects an important topic for extended comment in his personal department, "From Week to Week". Sometimes solemn, sometimes humorous, his discussion can be depended upon always to be authoritative and—may we say it—urbane.

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SATURDAY NIGHT

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THE subject of nearly all the labor disputes which for weeks past have been throwing Canada into a turmoil, and creating among many good citizens the impression that organized labor cares nothing for the war effort, is that of union recognition.

The reason why union recognition is so vigorously demanded by the organized employees and so vigorously contested by the employers is simply that each side believes that on that point, and on that point alone, it has a position on which it can and must dig in. The unions hold that the Government is committed by its past declarations to compel union recognition. The employers are pretty confident that whatever its past declarations the Government will not compel union recognition.

It is difficult for the ordinary outsider to feel that non-recognition of the union can actually be a material grievance, at least in wartime, if questions relating to wages and the other conditions of employment have been regulated to mutual satisfaction; and the employers have thus the advantage of appealing to a public opinion strongly inclined to their side in advance. But Canadian organized labor is much influenced by the trend of events in the United States, where union recognition has, largely with the support of governmental authority, been enforced in recent months even upon such determined opponents as Mr. Henry Ford and the great units of the steel industry. There is also some knowledge of the situation in Great Britain, where organized labor has substantial representation in the Government, and there has almost ceased to be any resistance to unionization in the larger industries.

The main elements in the Canadian situation as it exists today and there are few problems of greater importance, both for the immediate war effort and for the future peace

WEEK TO WEEK

Collective Bargaining in Canada

BY B. K. SANDWELL

and stability of the country—have been very fully set forth in a brochure prepared for the Steel Workers Organizing Committee by that very able labor lawyer, Mr. J. L. Cohen, K.C., under the title "Collective Bargaining in Canada." This work should be in the hands of every Canadian who has anything to do with the relations between labor and employer. It is mainly factual, but includes a chapter of recommendations with which no doubt many readers of SATURDAY NIGHT will not agree, while some may feel that they do not go far enough. The relevant documents are included as appendices, and include the wartime extension proclamation of the Industrial Disputes Investigation Act (extending it to all war industries, under the powers of the War Measures Act), the declaration of Wartime Labor Policy in P.C. 2685, the Wartime Wage Policy of P.C. 7440, the Industrial Disputes Inquiry Commission Order and its amendment, and two examples of the company union proposals of different employers (Kirkland Lake and Canada Packers).

PRIOR to the war the only Dominion legislation dealing with collective bargaining was the Industrial Disputes Investigation Act and the Criminal Code Section 502A of 1939. The latter purported to protect workers against dismissal for union membership or activity, but nobody who reads it is likely to contest Mr. Cohen's view that it is wholly illusory. (Among other things it specifically does not protect a worker in trying to organize a union; it operates if at all only when a union is in full existence.)

The Industrial Disputes Investigation Act, a very old piece of legislation, was originally designed to compel delay in the starting of a strike until there had been an inquiry and terms of settlement had been recommended by a Conciliation Board; its theory was that public opinion thus enlightened would be a powerful force towards compelling acceptance of the award. Mr. Cohen takes the view that this procedure, while valuable in disputes over wages and terms of employment, is valueless in disputes over union recognition. In this he seems to be ignoring the whole difficulty which necessarily arises when recognition of the union ceases to be a voluntary (and revocable) act of the employer, and becomes, as he desires it to become, a matter of compulsion.

Throughout Mr. Cohen's brochure there is a tacit underlying assumption that all unions are worthy of recognition, and that any union should be recognized if a majority of the affected workers desire it. The Dominion Government is generally held to have given support to this assumption by its declaratory (not mandatory) Order on Wartime Labor Policy, P.C. 2685 of June 1940. This Order is specifically directed, not to disputes over wages and hours, for the settlement of which it says that "means have happily been found" elsewhere, but to disputes relating to "the right of association in labor bodies and the right of organized work-people to enter into collective agreements." It was described by Mr. King as "a declaration of the principle that should govern employers and employees." And it declares that "employees should be free to organize in trade unions, free from any control by employers or their agents," and that "employees, through the officers of their trade union or through other representatives chosen by them, should be free to negotiate with employers" for collective agreements on wages, hours and conditions of employment.

THIS Order has been interpreted by Labor as meaning that the employer can raise no legitimate objection to negotiating with any union which can present a reasonable claim to being the organization chosen by

the employees. Such interpretation (which is not conceded by the Government) is violently opposed by many employers, on the ground that the particular unions with which they are asked to negotiate are either (1) unable or unwilling to carry out the collective agreements which would be arrived at; (2) not genuinely representative of the workers and/or (3) not loyal to the war policies of the Dominion.

It has to be borne very clearly in mind that there is absolutely no guarantee that any union in Canada is now, or will be in future, exempt from one or all of these charges. Unions are practically irresponsible in the eyes of the law. A union cannot be held to any course of behavior to which it may have pledged itself. It cannot be made to prove that it represents the workers it purports to represent. It cannot be compelled to take any action or to abstain from any action because the safety of the

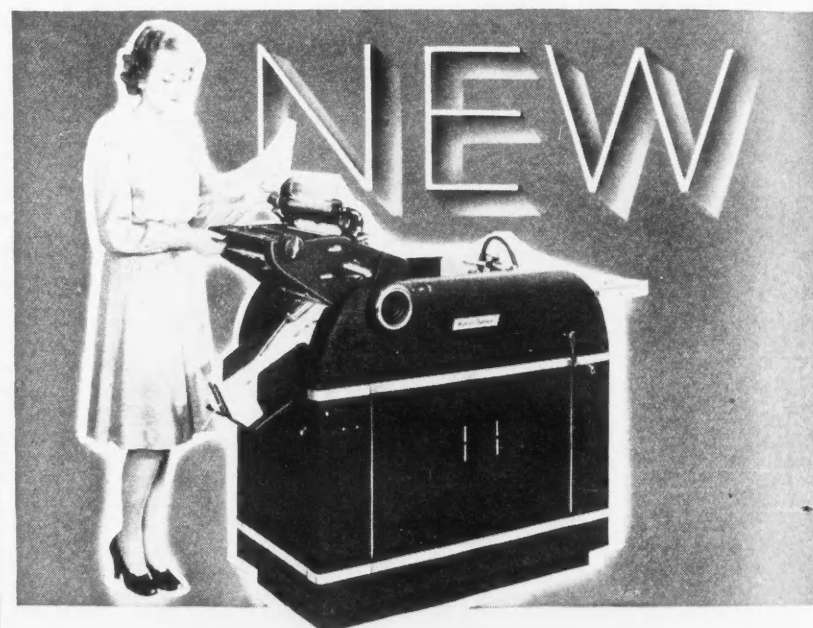
state requires it to. (This, incidentally, is the nearest approach to a justification, though a poor one at that, for the practice of internment of labor leaders on suspicion of subversive activity; the individual can be dealt with when it should be the organization.)

To compel recognition of a union is to compel negotiation between a legally responsible party and a legally irresponsible party. The New Deal in the United States has gone a long

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way in this direction (and a very short way in the direction of imposing legal responsibility upon the irresponsible party); and it is beyond doubt that the incompatible character of the two compulsory yokes is the cause of much of the bitterness and division in the economic

and political life of that country.

The problem is an extremely difficult one, and its solution is likely to be slow. Mr. Cohen's solution, as I have suggested, ignores the main difficulty. One course which seems to offer possibilities is to prohibit strikes for union recognition except where

the union accepts a certain measure of responsibility in the eyes of the law, by submitting to government oversight in case of failure to live up to its contracts. The personal responsibility of union officers could also be greatly enlarged. Where the

union declares in advance its willingness to accept the necessary responsibility, and the employer still resists, a Conciliation Board seems indicated; and if the Board is satisfied that the union is one with which the company can reasonably be expected to get along, recognition could be ordered.

But the question of the requisite guarantees of responsibility is of primary importance, and on this point Labor will have to concede something from the position expounded by Mr. Cohen—or we shall have to go on with what he calls the "jungle methods" of the strike and lockout.



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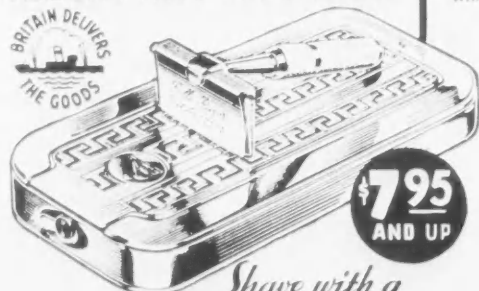


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THE HITLER WAR

The Next Moves in the War

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

THE study of Hitler's efforts to get the war over, in which military, diplomatic and propagandistic offensives are as closely co-ordinated as German land, sea and air operations, is one of never-ending fascination.

Take as an example the Battle of Kiev. In the purely military sense this was undoubtedly a costly reverse for the Russians. I suppose that if we had won it we would have made little more out of it. But when Hitler's propaganda corps takes hold of this material it becomes the "greatest battle of annihilation in all history," in which Budenny's Army has been so badly mauled that their commander has had to be first removed and then shot, and the road has been opened to the Donetz arms industries, the Volga and the Caucasus. The obvious purpose: to discourage the British and American delegations as they sit down to the conference table in Moscow. "It is too late to help Russia." "The Bolsheviks are not telling you the full truth of their situation."

At the same time the German diplomatic corps seeks to use this military victory, and still more, the propaganda claims based on it, to convince the Turks that the victory march is on now in Russia; that it is, in fact, too late for Britain and the United States to help effectively; and Turkey should take this last chance to get in on the right side.

The peace feelers which Ankara reports have been forwarded to the Kremlin by the Nazis, unofficially and by a devious route, are clearly aimed at securing the Caucasian oil fields in an undamaged condition. They are believed to have offered as a basis for negotiation these points: 1. German troops would halt at the present line of advance, except in the south, where the occupation would be completed down to the Caucasus. 2. Germany would occupy this area of Russia until the end of the war. 3. Germany would not interfere with Russian rule in the remainder of the country.

As the U.P. writer in Ankara points out, this is a plausible German approach to Russia, conforming closely to the terms offered France last year. As to "not interfering" with Stalin in the rest of Russia, if Hitler held the oil he would have the means of putting the screws on him, as he has on the French by holding their coal.

Hitler's Objectives

Hitler may have had many illusions about Russian strength and morale when he began his costly venture 3½ months ago. He seems, in fact, to have believed that the Stalinist regime was so inefficient and so hated that it would collapse with a hard Nazi drive to its solar plexus, Moscow. Since the failure of this initial effort in the Battle of Smolensk, which was publicized as a great victory in a manner strikingly similar to the Battle of Kiev, he appears to have set himself sternly to the following objectives, which his General Staff must have had in mind all along:

1. The destruction of Stalin's first-line troops and their equipment.
2. The capture of the main Soviet armament centres, to make large-scale replacement of this equipment impossible.
3. The cutting of potential supply lines by which Britain and the United States could reequip Russia, as the Allies did in the last war in 1915-16.
4. The destruction of Russian naval power in the Baltic and Black Seas.
5. The securing of Caucasian oil.

In view of the talk about the possibility of Hitler switching to the defensive in Russia this winter and withdrawing large forces for operations elsewhere, it will be useful to consider just what Hitler still has to do to complete the above program. To begin with, he is absolutely com-

mitted to taking Leningrad, on prestige grounds alone, and for the military purposes of ending Russian naval power in the Baltic, wiping out one of the largest and best of the Russian armies, and turning the Soviet right flank for a drive on Moscow later this year or next spring. He is committed to taking Murmansk, or in some way definitely closing this route of supply, which, it cannot be too often emphasized, is by far the shortest and most useful open to us. Unlike Archangel, Murmansk is ice-free the year round. He must take Kharkov and the Donetz Basin, to deprive the Soviets of their most important heavy industry; and Rostov, to sever the main artery of communication connecting the Caucasian region with Central Russia, and hence the main artery of Anglo-American supply through Persia. He must go further and take Stalingrad on the Volga, to pinch off the alternative water route into Central Russia.

His Minimum Program

He must seize Odessa and the Crimea, with Sevastopol, to break Russian naval control of the western half of the Black Sea and free a supply route for his own forces in the Ukraine from Rumanian ports to Nikolaiev, particularly for oil fuel. Finally, he must capture the Caucasian oil fields, in working order if possible, to serve his own war machine, but in any case to deprive the Red Army and Soviet agriculture of their main fuel source. That would seem to be Hitler's minimum program for the remainder of this year, to make sure that a powerful Russian Army is not still in the field next spring, tying down large Ger-

man forces in an exhausting struggle, offering Britain and the United States an opportunity for using their rising production of war material against him, and encouraging guerrilla resistance throughout occupied Russia and Europe.

How far is Hitler likely to succeed with all this? At least one may agree with the German News Agency in its curious statement of last week that "it is generally recognized that one cannot count on the pressure of the German armies on the Soviet troops being relaxed during the coming winter." In the matter of destroying the Russian armies, which must remain Hitler's primary objective, the *Berliner Boersen Zeitung*, which usually presents the views of the German General Staff, gives its opinion that Hitler had only progressed about half way by September 1.

This must surely be the most striking estimate of Soviet strength which the German public has yet received, for the "half" which was listed as lost, representing the official Nazi claims of that date, included 1½ million prisoners and "several times that many" killed (say, 4 millions); and wounded commonly outnumbered killed by 2 or 3 to 1, which would make at least 8 million wounded, or a total of 13½ million Russian casualties! 15,000 guns, 14,000 tanks and 11,250 planes.

If these official figures are fantastic, the *Boersen Zeitung's* estimate of "about half" of Russia's trained troops and equipment lost is not implausible. Hitler will have done even better in laming the Soviet armament industry if he can add to Krivoi Rog iron and Dnieper power, aluminum and alloy steel, the coal and heavy industry of Kharkov and the Donetz Basin, as it seems he will. As detailed in these columns last week,

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that would reduce Russia's arms replacement capacity by about two-thirds.

It is true that he has suffered heavily too in achieving this. But he can replace his losses much more quickly than Russia, which probably did not have more than half of the armament production of Germany and her occupied territories on June 22, and would have only one-sixth after losing two-thirds of her iron, coal and heavy industry. That is something to keep in mind when comparing German and Russian losses.

It is possible that Hitler will obtain a comparable success in cutting the fuel supply of the Russian armies, by advancing to Rostov and Stalingrad. A pipe-line and tank cars from the Caucasian fields pass the former point on their way to Central Russia, and oil barges carrying perhaps a quarter of the Baku output pass Stalingrad on their way up the Volga. But it is hard to believe that, confronted with the temper which blew up the Dnieper Dam, Hitler will be able to secure the wells and refineries in condition to serve his own needs.

Oil for Hitler

If he could reach the fields, and it is doubtful if he will ever reach Baku (which produces over 70 per cent of Russia's oil, while Grozny and Maikop on the northern slope of the Caucasus each produce 7 to 8 per cent), he might at best be able to restore partial production in a year's time and carry this crude to Rumania, which has an over-built refining capacity. Or, at least, it had before the Russian air raids on Ploesti, in which Unirea, one of the largest refineries in Rumania is said to have been destroyed. It was a British-owned property.

Oil sources and supply routes, I am convinced, provide one of the chief guide-lines to Hitler's policy in Russia and the Middle East. Using up oil at the rate he is doing, while disposing of a supply, in Rumania and in his synthetic industries at home, covering less than half of the peacetime needs of Germany and occupied Europe, Hitler must seek more. It is going to be hard for him to put his hands on it, and harder still to transport it to Europe. To do that he must control the Black Sea and the Mediterranean, as the Danube facilities, vigorously expanded as they have been, still carry less than half of Rumanian oil. What he needs is big tankers running from Batum and Tripoli (in Syria) to Trieste, Genoa and Marseille.

To exploit Baku oil, if he could conquer it, he has to take Alexandria. But to first take Baku he has to cut off our aid to the Russians, which means intensive submarine operations off distant West Africa, further provoking the United States into the war, maintenance of his position in North Africa at great cost, its extension to French Tunisia by coercion of Vichy, and support to keep tottering Italy in the war.

Over-Expansion?

This is Hitler led on and on, in his search for victory, into constantly expanding activities, requiring ever-greater strength and miracles of coordination from ever-weaker and ever more unwilling allies. But he has now passed the point where he gains strength from his conquests. The guarding of enormously extended lines of communication diverts more and more of his troops from front-line duty, while with every month that victory in Russia is delayed occupied Europe seethes more hopefully and furiously.

Hitler is fighting, not on two fronts, but three: against Russia, against the conquered nations and against the R.A.F. On the first of these fronts his advance becomes slower and slower, while on the other two he has been noticeably losing ground. Considering his losses on the eastern front and our increasing access of strength from the United States, his air power must have deteriorated swiftly in relation to ours in the past few months. When snow covers the aerodromes in Russia he may switch his heavy bombers back against Britain, but it seems unlikely that they will ever again represent the threat

which they did last fall and winter. It has been suggested that what we are likely to see this winter is fewer planes flying higher, but dropping bigger bombs.

A Fourth Front

Meantime, we may shortly open up a fourth front against Hitler, a drive into Libya to destroy the German army there, occupy Tunisia and perhaps Sicily and Sardinia, bomb Italy out of the war and open up a short and secure line of supply through the Mediterranean to the Middle East and Russia. There are

many factors which have to be considered in launching such a campaign, however, and which it is difficult for an observer at this distance to assess at their true value. Our leaders—and Mr. Churchill has never been called timid—have to decide whether Hitler is in a position to begin a new campaign through Turkey into the Middle East, whether Turkey would fight in such a case, and whether a hurry call for a first-aid expedition to the Caucasus is to be expected in the immediate future.

It doesn't seem possible that Hitler has the forces free at present to undertake a fresh campaign across the Dardanelles on the scale that

would be required should Turkey resist. As to the latter, there is less certainty than a year ago. But she hasn't yet switched her chrome deliveries from ourselves to Germany. We have started to deliver her Tomahawk fighters. She has been greatly bolstered by our occupation of Persia, Iraq and Syria. And our expansion of the aerodrome facilities and defences of Cyprus looks very much like the development of a station from which we could send her prompt and powerful air support. All these factors taken together make it at least more likely that Turkey will fight.

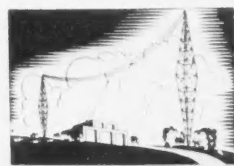
If Mr. Churchill, General Wavell

and General Auchinleck, who have been conferring busily lately, are satisfied of this, then a sweep along the southern shore of the Mediterranean to Bizerta together with intensive bombing of Italy may be commenced very soon. It is certain that any such move would be greeted with tremendous enthusiasm in Britain, Russia, the United States and here. The feeling has been growing that we must do something more to relieve Russia and take advantage of an opportunity which may never come again. And much as we might prefer to hit the Germans, it is sounder strategy to strike at the weakest point in the enemy alliance.



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The "Window To The West"

BY SHELTON SCHOLEFIELD

LENINGRAD, second city of the Soviet Union, is always in the news now. Ferocious attempts have been made by Hitler's armies to capture the city on the Neva, and now they are intensifying their drive before the winter sets in. Up till now, the Soviet defenders have proved too strong, and orders have been issued to hold Leningrad at all costs. For Soviet policy has changed, and the old capital, so long neglected by the government, has now recovered much of its former importance. It was during the worst period of neglect that I last saw Leningrad. In 1924 grass sprouted through the pavement in all but a few main streets.

The beautiful City of Peter presented a melancholy spectacle that autumn, seven years after the Revolution. St. Petersburg might have been the cradle of the 1917 revolt, but the Bolsheviks were anxious to deprive the Tsarist capital of all its former prestige. For Petersburg, created by Peter the Great upon the Neva marshes as a "window to the West" (his own phrase) when he moved the capital from Moscow, had been essentially a Tsarist creation. Deprived of its importance as the seat of government, Leningrad was a city without a soul. Unemployment figures were huge. The passers-by one saw were miserably clad. Few ships lay in the harbor. There were perhaps a dozen people in the Hotel d'Europe, once the hub of Petersburg life, where I stayed.

A Changed Scene

Life flows again in the lovely city on the Neva, and that thought is cheering. For "museum" was the word which most readily occurred to one concerning the Leningrad of 1924. The first of these was the whole city itself, then the numerous palaces to which visitors had access. The Imperial Winter Palace was architecturally uninteresting and the interior heavy and dull, but some of the treasures in the famous Hermitage Museum were unique. I remember best a bird cut from a single emerald, and a drinking-bowl weighing a stone-and-a-half of solid gold.

I remember also some beautifully fine gold filigree work, said to date from 1,500 B.C. and to be inimitable with modern machinery, and a wine-fountain which had been a prize in the last English Lottery in 1839. This latter, which weighed 600 ounces of silver, had apparently been hawked all over Europe until it seized the fancy of some Russian aristocrat. It must have contained twenty gallons of wine when full.

Tsarskoe Selo (the Tsar's Village), the summer palace twelve miles from the city, had been rechristened Dyetskoe Selo (the Children's Village), and many of the buildings had been given over to ailing children. But the Tsar's own palace and those of certain grand-dukes had been left intact, and Soviet citizens were encouraged to visit them as a sort of "frightful example." The lady who showed me round had formerly held some office around the Court, and spoke several languages, but she had been allowed to carry on. It was Bolshevik policy to leave the place exactly as it had been, so that visitors might see for themselves how unimpressive had been the life of the "Little Father."

Beauty in Decay

A calendar had been left torn off on the Tsar's last day of residence, and a bullet-hole where a shot had been fired from outside through one of the windows could still be seen. In a sort of alcove off the entrance hall was the private chapel where Rasputin used to hold services for the Imperial couple. Care was taken to stress the state of superstition in which the Tsar and Tsarina had lived. Their bedroom certainly came as a shock, after what one had read of the luxury of Imperial Russia. The two little brass beds side by side, might have furnished any cheap lodging-house, and the only value seemed to lie in the hundreds of *ikons* (sacred pictures) which

Leningrad is in the news these days, but in 1924 it was a dead city, where grass grew in the streets.

The Soviet had made Leningrad a museum where the proletariat might see how the Tsars had lived. The Imperial Palaces were strange compounds of luxury and simplicity.

But Peter the Great had chosen the site of his "window to the west" with skill and knowledge and soon Leningrad, formerly Petrograd, was a busy city. Now it is defending itself bravely against the Nazi siege.

covered every available inch of the walls. No relics of Rasputin were on show in the Imperial Palace itself, but in the palace of the Grand-Duke Paul I saw an *ikon* signed by the sinister monk who had exercised such a fatal influence upon the last Romanov.

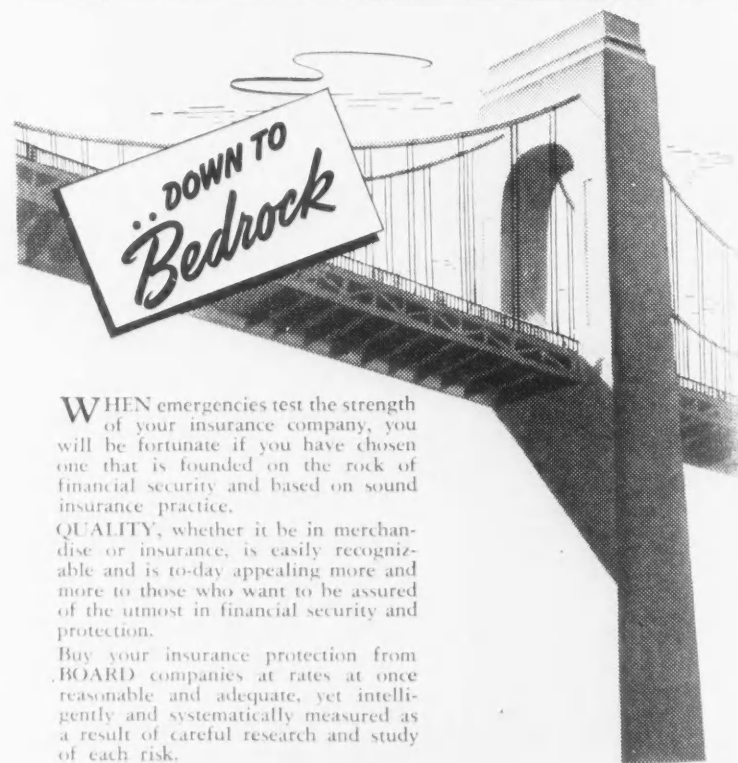
Leningrad, even in decay, was a lovely city in 1924, but I left with no regrets. Mildewy relics of a life that has gone are never very cheerful. I was glad when I heard that it had again become a centre of activity. I hope to see Leningrad again as a living, not as a dead city.



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WORLD OF SPORT

On Viewing the World Serious

BY KIMBALL McILROY

EARLY in the baseball season just past this column predicted, with its eyes shut, that the pennant winners would be the Yankees and the Cardinals. We were right in the American League, and we might have been right in the National too if we'd known that the Dodgers were going to be allowed to play night games without any lights.

The Dodgers talked and clowned themselves straight into the pennant (assisted by a better than .300 outfield and a couple of twenty-two-game winning pitchers) and they may talk and clown themselves straight out of the Series. The World Series is or are taken very seriously by a number of people, including the New York Yankees. Wild pitching just for the hell of it and beating up umpires out behind the stands are frowned upon. Such tactics may win friends and influence people over in Greenpoint, but will leave the studious sophisticates at Yankee Stadium colder than a home-run off Ruffing.

As you (both of you) read this, the first couple of games will be history of some sort. The great hitter will have fanned for his sixth successive time and the great pitcher will have had his second shower, to the everlasting shame and misery of the proprietors of the breakfast foods they endorse. Either the hero or the goat, perhaps both, will have been unanimously decided upon—the hero a young unknown who successfully achieves a double-play or a Texas Leaguer at some crucial moment and the goat a veteran who fails to reach home plate on the fly with a throw from deep centre field.

WE REFUSE to predict the outcome. Nobody can predict the outcome of a Dodger series, except to say that it probably won't look reasonable. But certain predictions in connection with any series may be made with absolute security. A few of these follow.

Shortly after the conclusion of the Series, when the fine edge of seasonal Fall intoxication begins to wear off and soberer judgment prevails, the hero and goat situation will be reviewed at great length. It will suddenly be realized and brought to the public attention that the great kid out there on second base made many a more spectacular play back in the Three-Live League without making headlines even in the Peoria Times and that the disgraced veteran in centre field couldn't have reached home plate with a cannon. Heads will roll wisely and the whole matter, having attained its purpose, will be forgotten.

At least one hundred editorials will be printed deploring the fact that with the world tumbling down about our heads in a nightmare of war and disaster there are still people so shallow and debased mentally as to become excited over the transitory fortunes of eighteen athletes in white and grey suits. These editorials will without exception be written by people who felt exactly the same way about baseball in 1940 and who wouldn't go to see a Series if it was being played in the vacant lot next door. None of them will be wearing uniforms, while the boys in uniform will be gathered breathlessly around their radios.

THE radio play-by-play men will add to our and their own confusion by describing how that last pitch went over the plate like a Gillette razor blade over a bristling cheek, only to have to announce belatedly that it was a ball and furthermore a wild pitch. The vivid word pictures of what a glorious afternoon it is in Brooklyn will be somewhat sullied by the first gently falling sprinkle of rain.

The manager of the winning club will point out that they were lucky to win and probably wouldn't have won either if it hadn't been for that bit of strategy he used in the third inning when he ordered Whoozis to bunt. To the folks in the stands that bunt will have looked like a home-run wallop that went wrong, but a winning manager is a winning manager.

The losing manager will disclose that his strategy was equally unparalleled. How was he to know that his third-baseman wasn't going to be able to reach home from first with the winning run on that infield hit? And anyhow he didn't really expect to win this year. He's building for the future.

A plumber from Schenectady, named McCorkindale, having bet on the wrong team, will get his picture in all the papers showing his buddy down Main Street in a wheel-barrow.

SHOULD the Series, by any wild stretch of the imagination, be decided on sheer ability with bat, ball, and glove, then Brooklyn should apparently take it. The Yankees haven't any pitchers. On the other hand these same pitchers that they haven't got have won a lot of games, both Series and otherwise, in the past few years. There are rumors that they do it by having a spare ball tucked up their sleeves, for use in emergencies.

The Dodger hurlers need no such artificial aids, but then there aren't so many of them. When you've seen Higbe and Wyatt you've seen them all, and you can't see them more than twice apiece, at the outside, in a seven-game series.

It is pitching that usually decides a World Series ball game, but hitting helps. There is something very final about a home run. Here again the two teams seem to be just about even, and besides, it is a well-known fact that the men who hit during the season don't usually hit when the chips are down, and vice versa.

THE coin having thus been tossed, and landed on edge, it is obvious that some other factor will have to be taken into consideration. A good choice here is the crowds. The metropolitans versus the eastern hordes. Will the atmosphere of sober seriousness surrounding the former so depress the Dodgers that they will be incapable of doing their best work, or will the riotous abandon of the fans from Flatbush upset the customary decor of the Yankee dug-out to such an extent that strikeouts and errors will flourish where none ever flourished before?

Time alone will tell. It may be well to keep in mind, though, that the Dodgers, having played all season except when at home in the same air of stony silence which will greet them at the Stadium, must be somewhat inured whereas for the Yanks it will be an entirely novel experience to witness fans taking a whole-hearted part in the game and even occasionally dropping down to tangle with the umpires.

It all seems to depend upon the condition of the Yankees' nerves. If their nerves hold up, they should win. Usually, their nerves hold up.

LAST week, in a discussion of the season's rugby prospects, it was rather plainly hinted here that the O.R.F.U. senior group wasn't to be taken too seriously. This was an error. The Hamilton club in that group has now come up with a team disporting the identical backfield and virtually the same line as that fielded by the Hamilton Tigers last year. The Tigers, it will be recalled, were compelled to drop out of the Big Four this season for lack of players.

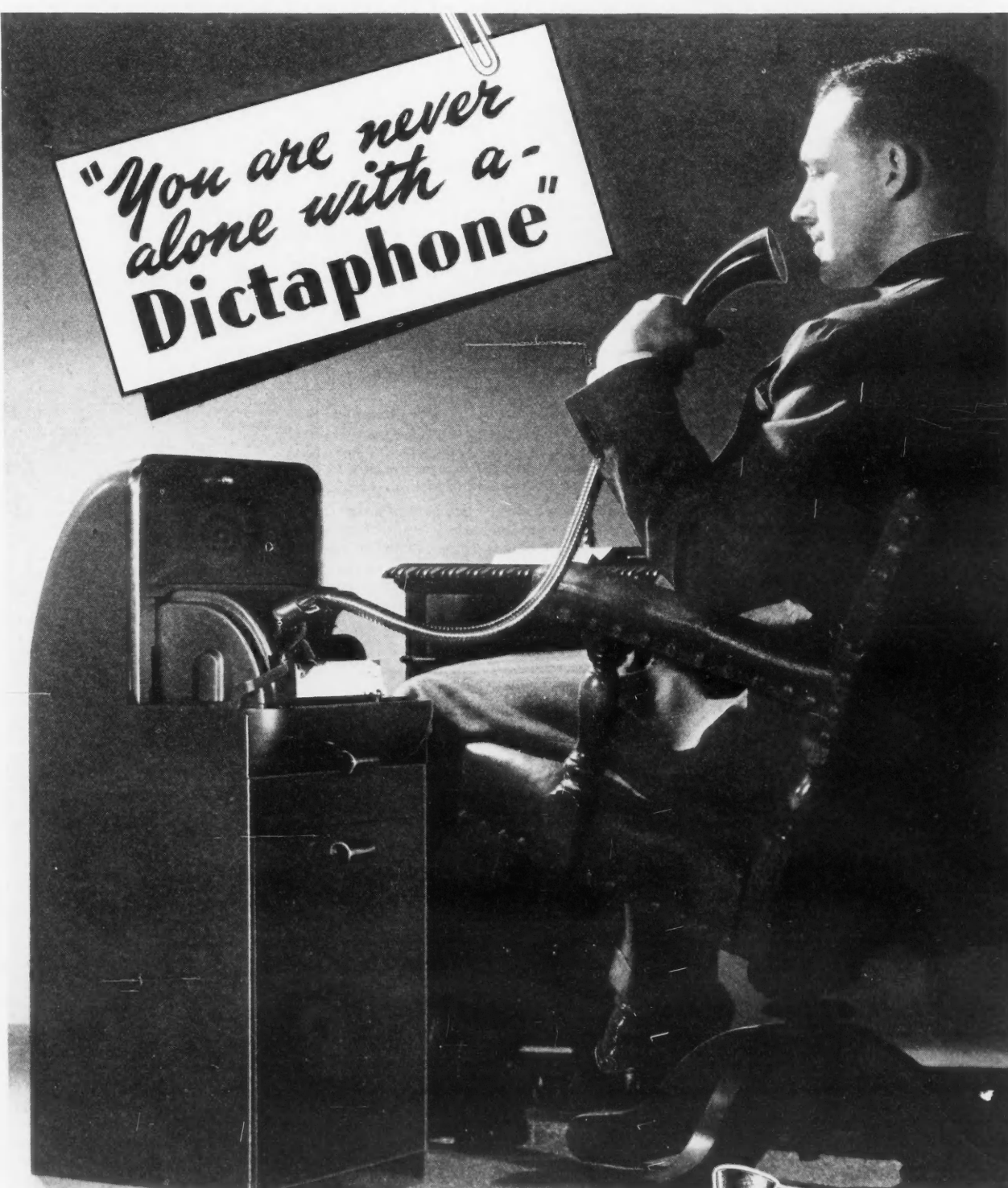


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WEEK IN RADIO

The Pleasant Surprise

BY FRANK CHAMBERLAIN

"ONCE upon a time there was a little girl," writes Mary "Just Mary" Grannan, "who was standing on the middle of the floor on Friday night with SATURDAY NIGHT. Her blue eyes were playing about the white paper, when all of a sudden her face got red."

"OooooH," she cried, for what do you suppose? She had found a little story about herself. She was very happy and very proud... for who wouldn't be happy and proud to find herself in SATURDAY NIGHT on Friday night or any other night.

"I must write SATURDAY NIGHT on Saturday morning about finding myself on Friday night in SATURDAY NIGHT," she said, and she did. She took her pen in hand, only it was a typewriter, and she wrote:

"Dear Frank Chamberlain: Thank you so much for putting me in SATURDAY NIGHT on Friday night. It was most generous and most kind and I am proud and happy to be listed among your 'radio-likes'. I am very glad, however, that you are not 'five or maybe seven' for if you were, I'd not have found myself on Friday night in SATURDAY NIGHT."

"And she signed herself 'Just Mary', for that's who the little girl was. And this is the end of the little girl's story about The Pleasant Surprise."

THERE are nice things about radio, you think, as you finish reading "Just Mary's" cute little letter. And then you cut open the next one, which is signed by "H.G.", his real name over in one corner in full, but he indicates that he wouldn't want it used.

In a period of convalescence after an operation, he did just what was suggested in this space a few columns ago... he listened to the soap operas from start to finish. And this is what he says about them:

"To state that I was disgusted is putting it mildly. It is small wonder North America is raising a generation of neurotic women always on the hunt for their soulmates. There is not a clean healthy thought in the whole of the soap operas. Personally I have retaliated in the only way at my disposal and have kicked every make of soap represented by the worst of the soap operas out of my house. Excepting the news and the Happy Gang program, you can take the whole shebang broadcasting between 11 a.m. and 3.30 p.m., scuttle them in Lake Ontario far from shore and say to yourself, good riddance to bad rubbish. It is high time the C.B.C. kicked this stuff off their programs. Cannot you do something toward this highly desirable end?"

THEN you go out to dinner one night and find yourself sitting right next to Harry Sedgwick, managing director of CFRB and president of the Association of Canadian Broadcasters, and the talk turns to something that we'd almost forgotten. It's this: Immediately following the outbreak of war, the C.B.C., for a reason which then seemed most reasonable, passed a regulation which prohibited the Canadian stations, both public and private, from broadcasting the programs of American news commentators. You will remember when Lowell Thomas could be heard on CBL and now you've got to turn to WBEN. And Hans Kaltenborn could be heard on CFRB, and now you're lucky if you can find him. And as for Raymond Gram Swing and Ed Murrow and some of the others, you scarcely know where to find them, even with a *New York Times* radio page to guide you.

Now isn't it just about time that this regulation was lifted, asks Mr. Sedgwick. And we find ourselves agreeing heartily. For isn't the United States almost an ally of ours now? And haven't we grown out of the

panicky state when a little criticism of the war and the war leaders was too, too, shocking? And can't we turn to an American station (if we're lucky enough to have a good set). It all seems so silly that we Canadians can read Dorothy Thompson and Walter Lippmann in our own newspapers, and yet by a C.B.C. regulation neither of these commentators would be allowed to be picked up by a Canadian station.

ONE of our favorite topics when we talk to CBC officials is the one about spending so much money on programs and so little to tell the people what programs they might like to hear and when and where they can be heard. So it was very pleasing this week to find in the mail a little yellow leaflet issued by the C.B.C. entitled "The C.B.C. Radio Talks for Women," and there, printed on a single folded sheet, were 10 programs a woman might like to hear, starting with Mondays and going through the week to Fridays, heard at 5 p.m. EDT, daily.

Monday: News and Views. Tuesday: Child Guidance beginning Nov. 4; Citizenship, beginning Jan. 6; Health in the Home, beginning Mar. 3; Wednesdays: Food for Victory, first and third Wednesdays; Shop to Save, second and fourth Wednesdays; Thursdays: Our Knitting Circle, first Thursdays monthly; Monologues of the Moment, second and fourth Thursdays; This Changing World, third Thursdays; Friday: Fireside Fun.

In addition to these 5 p.m. talks for women, there's the Sackville CBA talk by Jane Weldon, Monday through Friday; and the Ontario CBL talk by Monica Mugan; and the Watrous CBK and Vancouver CBR talks "Mirrors for Women," Mondays and Wednesdays; and Western Homemaker's program, on Fridays. Elizabeth Long, who directs women's talks on the CBC, makes the happy suggestion that women across Canada might gather in groups to listen to these talks directed toward women's interests.

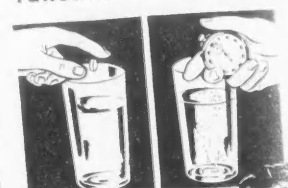
THE other Sunday night when the voice of Beverley Baxter was heard across Canada on the series "We have been there," we were sitting quiet as a mouse in the control room at CBL, with Mrs. Baxter right next, and Hugh Morrison, who directs this series, behind, and Col. Baptist Johnston, one of Beverley Baxter's close friends, in front, and it was fun to watch through the big glass window as Baxter read through his script, which was written in his own handwriting before him. As you couldn't help feel over the radio, Beverley Baxter feels every word he says. He acts as he broadcasts. His hands were waving as he made special points. He brandished his pencil now and then. And his pauses were most effective. Here is a man who understands the technique of radio. He understands that he isn't talking to a mass of people, but to two or three people in their front room, or their kitchen.

THERE is but space to urge you to listen to President Roosevelt and Wendell Willkie on the Community Chest program, Friday night, Oct. 3... a word to praise Rupert Lucas for the genuine interest he displayed in producing the Canadian Community Chest programs, starting Sept. 28... and a final word to inform Clint Buehlman, of Buffalo, that even after seven years we are still listening to his morning program from WGR. Buehlman is truly a musical jester adding gaiety to the day's work. Oh, yes, one more thing... praise for Red Purdy and Al Savage who every Tuesday night on the Treasure Trail program, bring laughs to hearts dulled by the long months of war.

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LONDON LETTER

Food Production in Britain

BY P. O'D.

UP NORTH in the valley of the Trent River some 15,000 acres of more or less water-logged land is being drained and reclaimed. A few years ago fully 23,000 acres in this area were under water as a result of flooding. The equipment for draining it has now been completed, and by next spring this land should be as rich and productive as almost any in the country.

Oddly enough, the scheme for its reclamation was begun by a Dutch engineer over 300 years ago. No one can say that the agricultural authorities have been precipitate about this project. They have taken plenty of time to think it over.

While the lowlands are thus being made to furnish their share to the national larder, so are the highlands also being put to work. Recently on the East Sussex Downs wheat-cutting began on two blocks of 400 acres each—the two biggest wheat-fields in the British Isles—and by all accounts an excellent crop. Yet most of this land has grown nothing but grass for centuries. Altogether in this region some 4,500 acres of downland have been brought under cultivation, and the assorted crops they bear are valued at about £85,000.

After the War, What?

These areas of newly cultivated land are constantly being extended. The process is going on all over the country. It shows what can be done, and no doubt should be done, towards making British agriculture the great national support it might be. But there is a very disturbing thought—what is going to happen to it all after the war? Every farmer remembers what happened after the last war, when vast stretches of reclaimed land were simply left derelict, no longer useful even as pasture. Is that to happen again?

Such projects as the Trent Valley reclamation will undoubtedly go on. The cost of the pumping-plants and drainage equipment would alone make that necessary. But the downland wheat-fields, what of them? Are they to become merely great scars on the lovely rolling surface of the downs? Very probably, I should say—but not for long. There are few wounds, however wide, that the downland grass cannot cover in time. In a few years all trace of the plough will disappear.

It is sad in a way that the work of man should leave so little mark behind, but there are compensations—precious compensations. The South Downs are among the most lovely places in England. The roaring of the tractor among those quiet hills and valleys is a sort of desecration. There are many who will rejoice when it is heard no more.

The Servant Question

How many servants does one need in the house? In time of peace the answer for most of us is quite simple, as many as we can manage to get

or afford to pay—which generally means not nearly enough, if any at all. But in time of war other considerations naturally enter in. It is not enough just to hire help. The authorities have something to say in the matter. They are, in fact, asking a number of awkward questions—awkward for some people, at any rate.

The great difficulty in this servant question is to establish any sort of general rule, however elastic. Standards vary so enormously. There are households where seven or eight servants wait on two or three people—people, in a good many cases, perfectly capable of waiting on them-

selves. In others one "general" is run off her feet trying to do about three times as much as she should be asked to.

A Servant Survey

How is one to legislate? There are so many things to be taken into consideration—the size of families, the size of houses, the state of people's health, their age, and finally what they have been accustomed to. Very important, that last consideration, though it may be difficult in individual cases to persuade the Ministry of Labor that it is. There are undoubtedly people who, if left to fend for

themselves, even partially, would be as helpless as so many pampered Pekinese sent out into the woods to catch their meals.

None the less, whatever the difficulties of legislating in such a matter, the Ministry of Labor intends to legislate—stout fellows! There is to be a combing out of supernumerary servants. What the Ministry considers supernumerary, that is. Already householders are receiving letters (facetiously described as "polite") asking a lot of very personal questions. It is part of a nation-wide survey of the servant situation.

This may be a very necessary and salutary proceeding, but it is likely to cause a lot of heart-burning. It is also likely to cause a lot of pretty tall lying—or, at any rate, something very like lying. There are few subjects on which the average woman is so touchy, few sacrifices she is so unwilling to make. I have visions of the Ministry of Labor being besieged by hordes of angry housewives. I can imagine officials afraid even to go home. Oh, well, they are asking for it.

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How Would You Expect the English to Behave?

"How they can take it!" admiringly exclaim the Americans, who had not believed that England's civilians had so much toughness and stoicism.

The surprise is not all one-sided; it has astonished England just as much that other people should be astonished.

For every Englishman and Englishwoman knows what to expect of his fellow citizens in an emergency. That other people should not know it has created considerable perplexity.

ONE of the things that has impressed people most over here about the European war has been English civilian morale. "How they can take it!" has gasped the American. The ability to absorb punishment of the average citizen of the British Isles has made people in these far-off lands open their eyes.

So much toughness was not looked for, apparently, in the Britisher. And in a society like the American, where to be "tough" is what everybody aspires to be thought, the impression made has been profound; and incidentally it is a good augury for future Anglo-American relations. All this has helped to correct the belief that the descendants of Drake and of Cromwell were a little tenderfoot and tired a misapprehension quite natural to a youthful nation.

*Men of London, men of Waterloo,
Stand forever fast, stand forever true*

as one of the most gifted war-poets of world-war No. I has written. And the English soldier has never deteriorated. He stands as fast, he stands as true, today as he ever did. If I were a military leader I would rather have English troops than any others, when it came to standing fast. And what does the civilian do but *stand fast*? There is nothing else he can do, and in England he does that magnificently.

Everyone knew of course that English soldiers were brave; that is nothing new. But the soldiers of most nations are brave, whether Turk or Russ, French or Finn. Military morale is taken for granted.

Total war however brought the civilian into the picture with a bang right into the front of it. The English civilian has covered himself with glory; he is universally admitted to be the most surprising civilian possessed by any nation.

The Civilian in general is an unknown quantity. You never know what he's going to turn out like. Does one is inclined to ask this extreme surprise at the performance of the English Civilian mean that other nations the surprised nations are a little doubtful about their own civilians? Does it mean that although they take the gallantry of

their armies for granted they feel less sure about their "civvies"?

Perhaps a little that. But it is mainly because the English were the first to experience total war, for months together, that they have evoked this astonishment. They were the first to be experimented on by mass bombers. They got in first with their staggering exhibition of stoicism. All the qualities latent in the English character, too, subjected to this test, created an odd impression upon other people—people equipped mostly with a very different nervous system.

BY WYNDHAM LEWIS

MILITARY morale and civilian morale are different in many respects, though "stonewalling" morale is common to both. The civilian is usually passive, the soldier more or less active. The morale of a man confronted with a major operation is one thing; the morale of a man hunting a tiger (or the morale of the tiger) is another.

The morale of the tiger—or of the eagle, to get a closer analogy—must be much the same as that of the Stuka-pilot. The civilian in an air-

raid is more like a patient in a hospital, confronted with a visit to the operating-theatre.

We always talk as if "total war," as we now call it, were a new thing. Of course it is not new at all. All wars were total wars once upon a time.

The first thing an army would do in the old days when it went out to fight was to "invest" a city. Read a history of the Peninsular Campaign of the Duke of Wellington for instance, and you will find it is the story of siege after siege, rather than of battle after battle. When

the Spaniards were not being besieged by the French (whom they have loathed ever since) they were being besieged by the English.

The army would rumble up towards the city (which it had to take before it moved on any further—no untaken city could remain in its rear, such was the law of war). The city would lock its gates, the soldiers in it would get up on its walls, and the siege would begin.

As likely as not the siege would last for months, until the inhabitants were reduced to eating rats, parrots, shoe-leather and fungus. At last the

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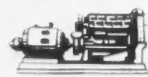
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Last week Queen Wilhelmina, refugee ruler of the Netherlands, celebrated her 61st birthday in London. She is shown making a world-wide broadcast to her fighting subjects.

city would "fall." Then, the besieging army, being naturally rather angry at having been held up so long and put to such inconvenience, would murder as many of the civilians as they could lay their hands on. Also the "sack" of a city involved a riot of kleptomania. Some would address themselves with more fervor to "putting to the sword," some would go after the girls, and some would concentrate on the "booty." It was according to taste.

THE Spaniards, as civilians, as the sort of thing that they have been the terror of military men ever since just as the English will be henceforth, we may surmise and hope. An "aggressor" was much

more afraid of the civilians of Spain than of the strongest foreign army. Spain has been safe for a century—and is still fairly safe—because of the reputation its civilians have for "taking it."—"No use attacking them," the aggressor says to himself. "It would take me years to massacre all those pig-headed Dons. Better leave them alone!"

The Duke of Wellington had the lowest possible opinion of the Spanish soldier; he refused to have them on the field of battle with him, after an experience or two. But their civilians were one of the seven wonders of the world.

So before the English Civilian came on the scene, it was the Spaniard who held the record for stoical civilian bravery. Just like the Eng-

lish of today, the Spaniards were a byword for going about their business as if nothing was happening, while their city was being set upon and cannon balls were bouncing about in their streets.

The Spaniards—all allowance made for the "sangre ardiente" of the Latin race, as against our more temperate pulses—are more like the English than any other European. They would attend marriage services in their churches amid a hail of bullets, they would take their siesta as usual while the French—or the English—were attempting to storm their gates. They were so awesomely imperturbable that at the mere thought of them Buonaparte till his dying day shuddered retrospectively, and attributed his downfall more to

them than to the snows of Russia.

London, Plymouth or Coventry today—Badajos or Zaragossa yesterday—mean as much in civilian history as Waterloo or Balaclava in military history. The only difference between these civilian landmarks and military landmarks was that formerly those in which the Civilian featured ended with half of them being "put to the sword," as a rule.

WHETHER we shall ever go back to that "putting to the sword" of the civilian population as an appropriate finale to a siege it is impossible to say: though in this war the Germans have come pretty near to it in Poland (and in other places where they felt they were not being observed too closely.)

There is fundamentally no reason why we should regard ourselves as more civilized than at the time of "the cultivated court of the Empress Josephine." We may even retrogress—with the help of a few more Hitlers—far beyond that.

That a lot of garlic-eating dagos, in a pre-industrial culture, could "take it"—that is stick it out in besieged cities and live for months on end with the smell of death in their nostrils and the prospect of a pogrom at the end of it—that was understandable. That is rather what we should expect. Those people revelled in blood-sports, thought nothing of knifing each other.

But the English—the English of 1941: the most civilized, sheltered, and soft-living people of all time; people of the gentlest and most sleepy habits of life: with perhaps not quite so many elevators and ice-boxes as Americans, but still with standards of life of a pretty superlative order, compared with the wretched citizens of semi-feudal cities of whom we have just been speaking: that these people, "modern" men and women, should stand up and "take it," as they have, has been a matter for amazement.

NO ONE ever supposed there was anything very primitive about the modern English. How then is it that they suddenly exhibit primitive virtues—a toughness we associate with more primitive societies? That is the main gravamen of the amazement felt throughout the civilized world.

It is not only because, as a society, the English are an ancient one, and so are thought of as tired and soft (for after all the Germans as a nation are pretty old, and whatever else we feel about them we do not regard them as soft, and they display a spryness, however detestable the uses to which they put it, that even an American might envy). It is not only the "old nation" illusion—for it is probably an illusion: it is because the English share with the Americas a luxurious civilization which would seem to spell a nervous system more susceptible to shock than that possessed by people who had no automobiles to carry them about, no gadgets to eliminate hard work, no canned foods to abolish the hot kitchen work of the housewife, no radios to break-up the stern isolation that steeled them for the struggle for survival.

BUT all this surprise at so much morale, so much toughness and stoicism, has not been one-sided. It has astonished the English just as much that other people should be astonished. For every Englishman and Englishwoman knows what to expect of his fellow citizens in an emergency. That other people should not know it provoked considerable perplexity.

Surely the English are sufficiently renowned for their *sang froid*, their phlegmatic temperament! the Briton would say to himself. So why should they suddenly behave like a lot of coolies—as the average Briton would put it—when subjected to mass-bombing or any other type of devilry?

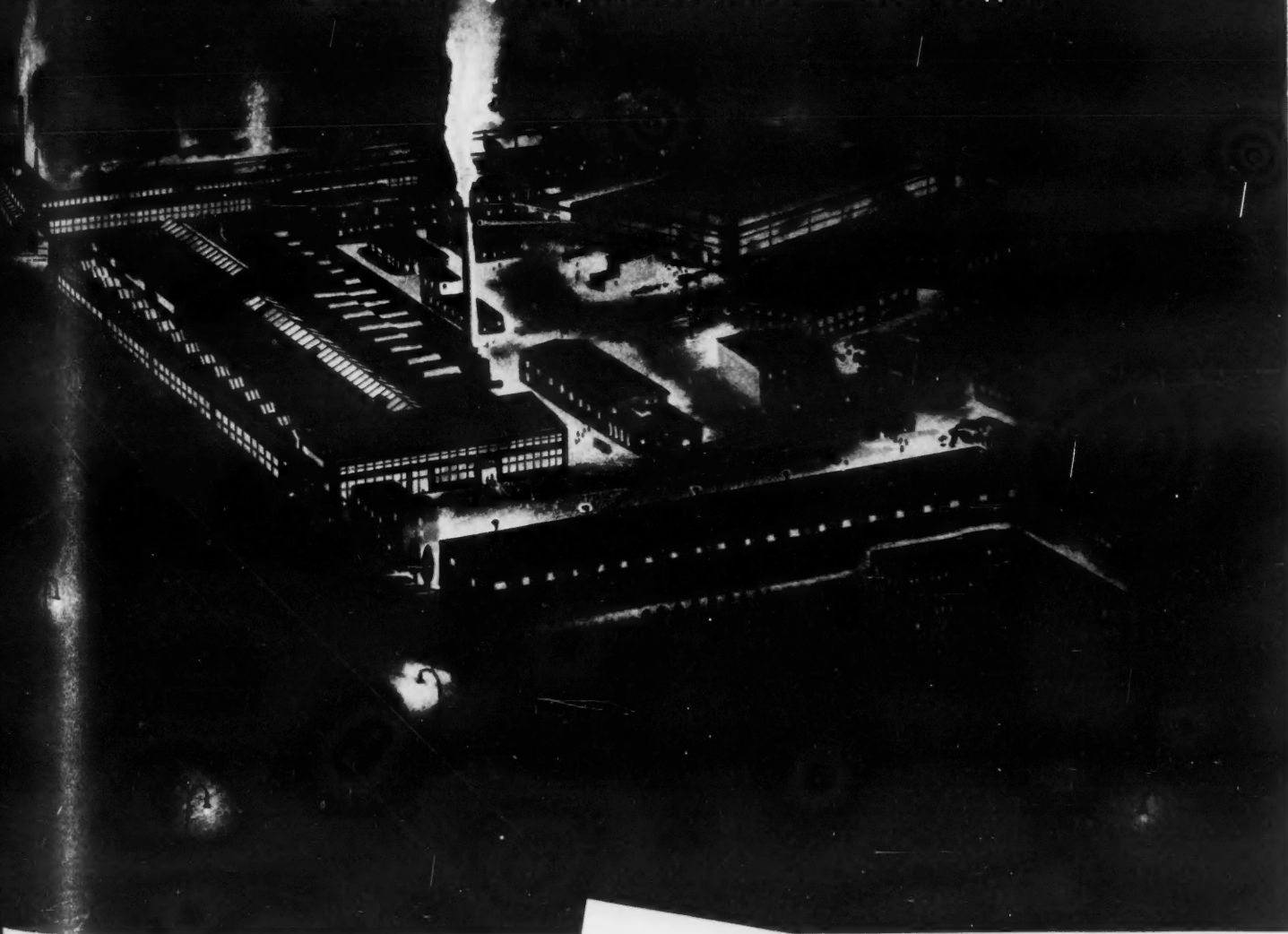


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All Skillful in the Wars

WHERE STANDS A WINGED SENTRY, by Margaret Kennedy. Ryerson. \$2.75.

EVERY book which helps us to understand the people of Britain is valuable at present. We have had many such, of varying degrees of excellence; some were novels, some poems, some the observations of travellers who have been to that country since the outbreak of war, but even the least of them had something to tell us which we were grateful to know. I think that the best of the personal records is *Where Stands a Winged Sentry*, by Margaret Kennedy, who is well-known as a novelist. The book is made up of extracts from her personal journal, somewhat refurbished for publication. The book is aimed primarily at readers in the United States, and Canadian readers may find that Miss Kennedy is too apt to apologize for the stupidities and shortcomings of her own land; we must remember, however, that British history for the past ten years is a very sore subject in the U.S., and that Miss Kennedy's apologies, though they cause us to lose face, may be helpful in promoting a better understanding with the American people.

Miss Kennedy does not attempt to

generalize about Britain during the terrible days of August and September, 1940. She simply relates what she did herself, and what the people did who were under her direct observation. But from this group of adults and children, and from the evacuees and countyfolk with whom they came in contact, we learn much about the British people. We realize once again, and with increased conviction, that the British are like the Chinese—even if they were conquered, they would eventually absorb their conquerors. They are not the stuff of which Nazis, or Nazis slaves are made.

This book has the charm of Miss Kennedy's novels, and is unexpectedly amusing reading. The author is not entirely an Englishwoman; she has the good fortune to be half Irish, and the British are never so good as when the heavy English blood is lightened with a dash of Celtic blood. And the Celts, of course, are rarely of any use unless they have some English blood to keep them steady. Because of this lucky Irish strain, Miss Kennedy is able to interpret the British to people who do not know them, and to excuse the blunders which they made in the early days of the war, with grace, tact and gently persuasive power.

Brilliant Historical Novels

BY STEWART C. EASTON

ONE RED ROSE FOREVER, by Mildred Jordan. Ryerson Press. \$3.00.
WATERS OF THE WILDERNESS, by Shirley Siefert. Longmans. \$3.00.

IT IS beginning to seem as if publishers had kept the best wine for the last. For though historical novels have been pouring from the presses all the year, here, together,

are two of the very finest. Of those I have read only Frank Hough's *The Neutral Ground* has equalled *Waters of the Wilderness*, and *One Red Rose Forever*, besides being a truly beautiful book to handle, set in a new modern type and put up as if its publishers believed in it, is neither equalled nor surpassed by any. Strictly speaking it does not belong to the current school of historical fiction at all. In it there is no fighting, though the period covers the Revolutionary War, no skirmishes with Indians though the country is only sparsely settled, and Diane, the heroine, spent her youth as an Indian squaw. It is almost entirely the life-story of the German immigrant, "Baron" Stiegel who became an iron-master and glass maker, one of the richest men in America, only to lose everything, even his skill with the violin, and die in poverty.

So it is the oldest formula in the world, the Hubris, Ate, and Nemesis of the Greeks, but revived and illuminated by the sympathetic insight and sensitivity of the author. The love of the proud ambitious man for Diane the foundling, and the malign destiny that kept them apart even though she too loved him beyond life, is beautifully portrayed. Though she thinks it is his obsession with his work that drives him always to new enterprises and away from her, the reader can always see how it is his implacable conscience from which he can never escape. This theme of continuing separation has been badly overdone in the past; in the hands of the merely inventive who lack the grace of imagination, it is only situations and quirks of plot that divide the lovers, wringing but a stray tear from the sentimental or an exasperated laugh from the cynical. But when the plot arises out of a reality such as the tormenting conscience of a man who cannot live with himself by stifling it, who is compelled by it into the excesses of pride and ambition, then the old theme becomes almost unbearably moving. Tender, compassionate and understanding, this is that rare thing, a historical novel that is truly universal, and the authenticity of the background only adds to its interest and takes nothing from the magnitude of its achievement.

It is a tribute to the excellence of *Waters of the Wilderness* that it is not totally overshadowed by such company. The book concerns a little

known battle ground of the Revolutionary War, the Spanish settlement of St. Louis, and the ragged "Big Knife" Americans, their allies, led by Col. George Rogers Clark. He, like Major Rob Trowbridge of *The Neutral Ground* is one of the born leaders of men thrown up by the period. But though the construction of the story and the accounts of the fighting, are almost perfect of their kind, the romance between the Colonel and Teresa, sister of the Spanish commandant, is not so happy. It is indeed strange and almost em-

barrassing to find such unashamed sentimentality in a story published in 1941, though we do seem to lap it up in our movies. "He speaks, and it is the wind whispering in the branches and I am faint to hear him." "When he goes, the very light of day fades." But the whole tale is so skilfully told and with such a number of exciting diversions that I will admit I was forced to turn over pages frantically to see what would happen. In the winter nights to come what more can one ask of any book?

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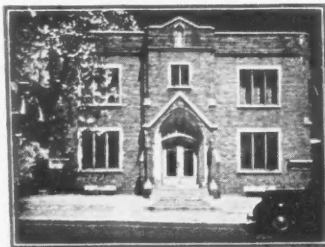
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THE BOOKSHELF

Good and Bad Psychology

YOUR PERSONALITY, INTROVERT OR EXTRAVERT? by Virginia Case. Macmillan. \$2.75.

THE RETURN TO RELIGION, by Henry C. Link. Macmillan. \$1.75.

NOT ALL books of popular psychology are bad; some, on the contrary are very good, and a layman may profit considerably from reading them. Miss Case's book is one of the good ones. It gets away to a bad start, with a catchpenny title and a poor introductory chapter, but the meat of the book is nutritious enough to deserve serious attention.

Miss Case is a follower of Jung, and her book is largely based upon his studies of personality types. Here she deals with introverts and extraverts in considerable detail, but in simple language, and her book should be helpful to many people who are curious about themselves and their relations with other human beings. It is obvious that the author knows a great deal more than she is prepared to say in a popular study, but she drops interesting hints here and there in her book which make the reader wish that she would write another. Her exposition of Marx's dialectical materialism as a 'typical extravert viewpoint' is fascinating, but it stops just when it begins to be most interesting. The same may be said of her explanation of the popularity of the 'scientific viewpoint' in a world which is sick to death of pseudo-science.

It is difficult to swallow Jung's psychology whole and to anyone who knows anything about the quarrels of the various psychological schools, Miss Case's criticism of Freud as too extravert, and Adler as too introvert, is highly amusing. But this book is an admirable exposition of one aspect of psychological truth, and as such I am prepared to recommend it warmly.

MISS CASE is a follower of Jung, and as such is entitled to respectful consideration, but Mr. Link is a mere applier of 'aptitude tests' and similar quizzes to his patients. To Mr. Link psychiatry is not an art, but a form of book-keeping. His account, therefore, of how he returned to the church after twenty years of agnosticism, not because he liked it but because it was good for him, reads more like something out of a psychologist's case-book than the confession of a psychologist himself. He is clearly not a man of the wide sympathy, the wide culture, or the insight which are necessary to a psychiatrist worthy of the name, and his tale of conversion carries no more weight than that of any layman who lacks the literary gift. Few serious churchmen will find it inspiring and psychologists will prefer the work of more talented humorists.

Something Different

THE INCOMPLETE ENCHANTER, by Fletcher Pratt and L. Sprague de Camp. Oxford, \$3.00.

SO FEW books are written nowadays to appeal to the imagination that this one may fittingly be greeted with a critical hurrah. It is not a great imaginative work but it is ingenious, engrossing and delightful. Novelists, like painters, tend to be more interested in their manner than their matter at present, and it is refreshing to find authors who are not afraid of the large and gaily ornamented canvas.

The theme of *The Incomplete Enchanter* is old enough, but it is presented in an excellent new guise. Reed Chalmers, a psychologist in Ohio, evolves a theory of what he calls 'paraphysics'; according to him, many worlds exist simultaneously but are governed by different physical laws; it is possible to slip from one world to another if you have the right formula.

One of Chalmers' assistants, Harold Shea, attempts such a change, and finds himself in the world of Norse mythology, assisting in the twilight of the gods. He escapes from this miserable world back to Ohio, and on his next and better organized flight through time he is accompanied by Chalmers. They make their way to the world of Spenser's *Faerie Queen*, and have rather a rough time of it among enchanters and other medieval riffraff.

The authors of this wild piece have a pleasant combination of impressive erudition (or what will pass for it) and type of wit expressively described as 'screwball'. If you want a strange and amusing book you will find this one exactly suited to your taste. I hope to see more books from this collaboration.

Canada Expects

BY OWEN MACLEAN

CANADA is a very young nation. It is therefore natural that its literature should be small. It is a loosely knit nation. Hence it is not surprising that its literature has no special national character. Nevertheless, I think that we have arrived at a stage where we may expect something better in writing.

It is perhaps a pity that the Canadian people was civilized from the beginning. Poets of a primitive new nation are illiterate; but poets of a nation which is new and civilized read, and, having no literature of their own, read and imitate those of older nations. There was a time when Canadian poetry was distinguished by the fact that it almost always described landscape. Now its most common characteristic is imitation of T. S. Eliot.

We have one major poet, and his work is thoroughly original and Canadian. If our younger poets must read—as I suppose they must—let them concentrate on E. J. Pratt. He is, no doubt, an inferior poet to T. S. Eliot; but he would be a better influence.

These reflections are the result of studying the April number of the American magazine *Poetry*, which is devoted to Canadian work and edited by Professor E. K. Brown. It is a pleasant enough collection of verse. But the thought that it is representative of our best poetry makes me shudder.

There are two poems by Professor Pratt, which, being short, do not exhibit his full power. A. M. Klein is

represented by three 'psalms', which show all his Jewish bitterness and some of his Jewish richness of thought and expression. The selection from A. J. M. Smith consists of one imitation of Eliot and two excellent sonnets. Professor Robert Finch has a great sense of beauty, and considerable power of expressing universal but usually inarticulate thoughts. As far as this collection goes, I think he bears away the palm. Miss Louise Morey Bowman has two poems in here which show some Eliot influence. Miss Ann Marriott's *Prairie Graveyard* shows vigor and skill. If her *Traffic Light* were anonymous, I should say, 'That's Eliot.' As it is, I say, 'Poor imitation.' I was impressed by Miss Dorothy Livesay's *Lorca*.

The editor includes a fine survey of the subject, to which little can be added. He says truly of Canadian literature that 'the future cannot be charted, even roughly'. Then let us set out on this perilous and noble adventure.

Gallimaufry

A TALE which attracted considerable attention when it first appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* was *The Snow Goose* by Paul Gallio, which has since been reprinted in a small and pleasant volume (Ryerson Press, \$1.35). It is the story of a Canadian snow goose which, by a strange chance, played a remarkable part in the evacuation of the B.E.F. from Dunkirk. We are glad to have this little book, as the story is to be the basis of the first Canadian moving picture to be produced by Gab-

riel Pascal, one of the greatest of living directors.

All except the most accomplished of public speakers will be glad to have *Hear, Hear!* by William Freeman (Dent, \$2.00). The book is described as 'an informal guide to public speaking,' and it covers the ground thoroughly and sensibly; it is, in fact, the most compact and clearly written book on this subject which I have seen. Canadian politicians might study it with advantage to themselves and to us. The illustrations by Gluyas Williams are admirable lessons in themselves.

Hoary old *Punch* rounds out a century this year as the oldest and funniest of English comic magazines. The war has excited the villainous old hunchback to new flights of brilliance. *Punch and the War*, (Blue Ribbon, \$1.00) is the best dollar's worth of fun you will find anywhere at present, and it effectually dispels any idea you may have had that the English are taking the war solemnly. This is a splendid book and one which you will enjoy long after the war is over.

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WORLD OF WOMEN

Down Mexico Way

BY BERNICE COFFEY

WE are unable to decide whether Madame Lupescu and her adventures as Rumania's leading glamor girl are likely to be considered important in the light of history, but certainly she and the ex-King Carol ought to be given credit for having lent a faintly Graustarkian and not unwelcome touch to the otherwise grimly surrealistic European scene.

Last heard of in Cuba—at which point the press services seem to have deserted them for other headlines—it was with a feeling of mild surprise we came across a news item containing the information that they are visiting Mexico City. There they are staying at the Hotel Reforma where Madame's wardrobe, contained in forty pieces of luggage, is a constant source of interest.

Madame L. is reported to be exceedingly clever in her choice of color, and her make-up is a deep red-brown which flatters the rust color of her hair. Some shade in her costume always repeats this general tone, and her green-blue eyes invariably are accented by a bit of turquoise blue somewhere in her ensemble—sometimes it may appear in a piece of jewellery or in the color of her dress.

One evening, says the report, she wore a wool crepe dinner dress of a rich purplish cast. Flung casually over her shoulders was a boxy cuff-length jacket ornamented all over with a Persian leaf design in red, turquoise and blue sequins. And over the celebrated red hair she wore a tightly fitted black woolknit skull cap surmounted in front by a loose roll of turquoise yarn from which several narrow rust-colored feathers extended upward. Turquoise earrings and a matching finger-ring supplied the touch of "something blue."

There you are—and don't let it be said that anything escapes us. Not even if we have to go to Mexico for it.

Collegiana

One of our firmest convictions is that even the most sternly budgeted college wardrobe ought to include a bit of caviar in the form of a date dress that is not intended to be worn forever and a day, that is a wee bit spectacular and something to remember you by. If you're due for college in a few days and have been wily enough to hold back a small part of the dress allowance for last minute purchases what about

A date frock of winter white? This is as new as tomorrow's newspaper and is too marvelous with dark accessories—brown, for instance. White flannel in dirndl, torso or the princess silhouette, is pretty wonderful. Or your heart may go out to a frock of white corduroy—not only because it is one of the season's smartest fabrics but because it's practical, too... it tucks so easily. A dirndl skirt in this white fabric is fairly super worn with bright colored jersey blouses.

Something A-foot

We can take the word of a man who should know—he sells some of the finest Canadian shoes extant—color has gone to our feet. Women have lost all their color inhibitions, he says, and have tossed their usual shoe conservatism over the moon. Instead of the usual plain blacks and browns fully half the shoes sold this fall have colored trim. Green with tan trim seems to be the favorite color combination on account of this being the biggest brown season in ten years. Other combinations are wine with tan trim, rust and green, blue and grey, black and cordovan, brown or black with California tan.

And our resistance to what he calls "wild" shoes—those with open heels and toes which seem to stay on the feet only by a small miracle—is practically nil. And if you haven't done something about getting yourself a

collection of bows, buckles and other shoe ornaments—the dizzier they are the better—it's high time you made a start. If you should happen to know of someone who has been hoarding a pair of those fabulous looking cut steel buckles of tremendous size that were used on pumps several years ago, speak prettily to them and perhaps they can be persuaded to part with them. Burnish the buckles with a soft cloth and then see how elegant they look attached to a pair of plain suede pumps. Failing this, buy yourself a pair of those ducky little suede covered wooden forms with little strappings of suede that form a flirty bow.

By the way, did you know that the leather for some of our finest shoes comes from the hides of New Zealand stall cattle? It seems that these cattle spend the whole of their pampered lives penned up in stalls instead of running around getting their hides scratched and full of imperfections the way ordinary cattle do.



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WORLD OF WOMEN

Canada's "Lace Missionary"

BY MARION SIMMS

SEEKING ways in which she might bring new pleasure and activity into the lives of Saskatchewan farm women, Mrs. Mary Allen of Moose Jaw had the idea of getting them interested in the fascinating history of lace making.

An authority on lace work herself, Mrs. Allen began several years ago to give talks at clubs and home mak-

ers' organizations, and to arrange lace exhibits. Today she is known as the "lace missionary" of western Canada, and women on isolated farms and in towns have become so enthusiastic they have begun to revive the old art of lace making.

"Laces represent the history of a

nation, and each heirloom tells a story," says Mrs. Allen. "Crimes were committed during turbulent periods of its development. Behind each great lace collection there is romance and there is tragedy."

People from all parts of Canada and the United States have heard of the work Mrs. Allen is doing and she has received the loan of many rare old pieces to add to her exhibits. These lace masterpieces range in historical value from the period when the Vikings ruled the seas, down to the early twentieth century. In the collection are delicate laces which once adorned a temple in India. . . . The work of some peasant women in Ireland's marshlands. . . . A doily from Holland. . . . A Carrickmacross tea cloth. . . . A gorgeous Battenburg lace coat made in a Mexican home. . . . Mexican lacework dating back to the time the Spaniards settled in Mexico when the lace art was taught by the sisters of the Sacred Heart. . . . Fragments of ancient bridal costumes, both peasants' wear and garments worn by royal families of Europe. One of the latter pieces is a Point de Venise lace collar once worn by a young woman of Danish royalty.

There are lace shawls from India. . . . An early Victorian tip-pet. . . . A delicate lace parasol top once carried by a grand lady in Spain. . . . A lace cape from Egypt. . . . A Chinese dress of delicately embroidered cutwork design from cloth made at Ypres and outlined with Belgian cluny lace. . . . Several seventeenth century Italian pillow cases. . . .

Many of the lace pieces are complete—table runners, handkerchiefs, collar and cuff sets, centrepieces, pillow slip edgings. Others are fragile old fragments discovered in remote parts of the world by collectors who love the lace craft. The designs include Devonshire, Florentine, Valenciennes, West Indian, Russian, Scottish, Rose Point, Point de Venise, Rouge, Bouie-Seure, Brussels, Vienne, Point d'Alencon, Reticella, Armenian and Maltese, Belgian Cluny, Chantilly, Belgian Bobbin, and Irish lace.

Superfine

Some of the designs in Mrs. Allen's exhibits are so fine they appear almost like threads of a spider's web, and must be seen through a magnifying glass. Needles are not made small enough for this work; it is done with hairpins.

Among Mrs. Allen's own collection of fine handwork is the set of delicately worked doilies made from the fiber of the spatha tree, on which are pasted pressed flowers and leaves.

Another article which has attracted particular attention wherever Mrs. Allen's displays are shown is a Chinese dress of exquisitely embroidered net. For this workers painstakingly gathered fragments of waste clinging to discarded silk cocoons. Of similar interest is a white christening robe from India, decorated with "chicken embroidery" by workers in a reconstruction school at Jerusalem.

During a recent visit in New York, Mrs. Allen met Marian Powys, a famous authority on lace and a sister of the late novelist, Will Powys. Since then, Miss Powys has lent Mrs. Allen many lace pieces for Canadian showing. Another New Yorker, Marguerite Ardsleigh, lent Mrs. Allen a rare lace handkerchief which her grandmother a sister-in-law of Thomas Jefferson carried at her wedding.

In addition to her lecture work and travels in connection with lace exhibitions, Mrs. Allen serves as librarian of the Women's Art Association of Saskatchewan. Formerly a member of the Moose Jaw school board, Mrs. Allen was also active for many years in the provincial council, and as a member of the minimum wage board.

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THE PUBLISHERS

SATURDAY NIGHT, *The Canadian Weekly*

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BY ISABEL MORGAN

MAKE no mistake about it—the artful use of scent is something that should not be overlooked by anyone who would make herself attractive to others. Wisely chosen, discreetly used, it creates a faint highly personal aura that is as delightful to the wearer as it is to those around her. Use perfume sparingly, or cologne which also offers pleasant refreshment for the skin, more lavishly. But never make the mistake of using several scents in chorus—your scent should speak for you in solo voice—hence the wisdom of selecting matching toiletries that are perfumed with a single lovely odour. Photographs show some of the subtler perfume tricks.



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FILM PARADE

Fantasia

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

FIRST the orchestra assembled in silhouette on the screen and then Mr. Deems Taylor materialized and began to talk about *Fantasia*. He talked very casually and disarmingly, with a touch of perhaps conscious colloquialism, then he melted and changed and became Leopold Stokowski; just Leopold Stokowski's elegant back and weaving hands and magnificent hair. And after that the colors and patterns began to pour and shift and change over the screen and you felt it really meant something, it actually was an exciting synthesis of sound and color and imagery. For perhaps ten minutes the difficult and delicate focus was maintained, and then you realized that it was the color and pattern you were watching, that the Bach *Toccata and Fugue* had retreated and become nothing more than musical background. It was the visual "effects" you were aware of, and the effects were beautiful and startling and tricky as Bach was never tricky.

Still it was wonderful to watch and listen to, and the *Nutcracker Suite* that followed was charming, with one miraculous little ballet flowing out of another—flowers and leaves and snowflakes and thistles and mushrooms and blown milkweed. And after that came *The Sorcerer's Apprentice* with Mickey Mouse as the Apprentice, and this was high Disney, with all the Disney wit, inventiveness and terror at their best.

IT WAS with Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring* that Walt Disney went suddenly and disastrously beyond his depth. First there was the planet Earth lying like a poached egg in the middle of the universe, then everything began to melt and heave and pour in thick streams of lava toffee. And after that the protoplasmic blobs fused and turned to fish and the fish climbed up on land and became monstrous shapes of dinosaurs and brontosaurus who thrashed and fought and perished clumsily at last in some primordial dust bowl. This was not only visual music, but Science, Mr. Deems Taylor had solemnly promised us. But the imagery on the screen looked like an outline of creation by some literal but demented child and the Stravinsky spring-time music was pushed and snouted and finally buried out of existence along with the Disney monsters.

As for the Beethoven *Pastoral Symphony* I can only say, to misquote Mr. Westbrook Pegler, that it was the worst thing that has happened since the Armistice. For here

the austere and lovely landscape created by Beethoven was suddenly invaded by a herd of ogling lady and gentlemen centaurs. They pranced and smirked, the lady centaurs modelled spring hats, with fat adorning kewpies in attendance, they fluttered long false eye-lashes at the gentlemen centaurs and drove them frantic. And Bacchus appeared and was rolled off his throne to reveal an exorbitant diapered posterior. For everything in the *Pastoral Symphony* must be funny, screamingly funny. Or it must be distractingly cute. Strangest of all perhaps was



Walt Disney's "Fantasia", with music by Leopold Stokowski and commentary by Deems Taylor, has proved so popular that it will remain at the Royal Alex. for another week. Above Mickey Mouse is seen in Dukas' pleasing "Sorcerer's Apprentice".

to hear Beethoven's serene and lucid music pursuing its own way on the sound track, regardless of all the comic strip fury-taking place on the screen. Beethoven and Disney might have been playing in different theatres, or indeed in different worlds.

With *The Dance of the Hours* one drew a long breath of relief. For here at least was a simple ballet score that could easily be choreographed into the charming nursery imagery that Disney can do so surpassingly. But no, infatuated by perversity he must make the *Dance of the Hours* a huge unwieldy parody of the ballet, with splay-footed ostriches in black string ties as a ballet chorus, with a hippopotamus in a cellophane frill as the ballerina, with comic elephants and a dancing crocodile on whom the Hippopotamus danseuse presently descended with a THUMP! . . . By the time *Night On Bald Mountain* arrived it was impossible to respond even with resentment to the grave-yard morbidities on the screen, the hippopotamus had thumped once too often. And presently Moussorgsky merged, with a transition too peculiar to describe, into Schubert's *Ave Maria* with, for a happy ending, Gates Ajar opening on a poster landscape of everlasting peace.

THERE are charming things in *Fantasia* to be sure. The Tchaikovsky suite was sheer enchantment, with sound and imagery held in perfect correspondence as they always are in the best of the Disney Silly Symphonies. The visual introduction of the sound-track was a bright ingenious novelty. The Mickey Mouse interlude was funny and endearing, and the advance of the magic broomsticks and the touch of nightmare, elusive but effective, so often encountered in Disney. But after that the nightmare settled and became solid and inescapable. One felt then that the music was only there to be knocked about, derided, misunderstood or perversely misinterpreted. The effort to integrate music, color

and imagery into a single form has been going on for centuries. There are moments certainly in *Fantasia* when it almost seems that the miracle has been accomplished. But with all the technical resources of the Disney studios and the musicianship of Leopold Stokowski the moments couldn't be sustained. There is very little in *Fantasia* to upset the tradition that apart from the limitations of the ballet, music should be heard and not seen.

Recital Series

THE two concerts to be given by John Charles Thomas, great Metropolitan baritone, in the Eaton Auditorium, cannot fail to be major events of the musical season. These will be the opening programs of the Thursday and Saturday Artists' Series, and will take place on October 9th and 11th.

Thomas has an extraordinary

knowledge of song literature. His wide opera experience both on this continent and in Europe, has made him familiar with all the principal baritone arias; similarly his eight years in light opera gave him a remarkable knowledge of the more popular types of song. An analysis of three programs given by Thomas in New York's Town Hall shows his wide range. In the seventy-one songs in these three programs there was no repetition; and more, there was no repetition in his numerous encores.

Thomas has made diligent search for early English and American songs and has used some of his finds with great success. When he was asked to prepare a stiff program for a hyper-critical New York audience, he met the challenge with charming Schumann, Brahms and Schubert songs, difficult Debussy and delicate old English airs. With such a rare knowledge of his art, he is able to present a completely satisfying program for any audience.

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With a swift elixir of harvest
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And a reaching of southern shadows.
Rivulets of fallen leaves
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Brightening the doorway
Through which we will never return.

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CONCERNING FOOD

The Return of the Fungus

BY JANET MARCH

THEY are back again in the shops, to the delight of all housekeepers, both those of the extravagant and economical clans. The former love them because all gourmets have always done so, the latter because modern science has taught people

how to grow them in quantity and sell them reasonably. Yes, it's our old friend the mushroom, the basis of so much good soup, the adorer of fish, the dresser up of meat, the solution of the problem when everyone in the house is tired of every one of the puddings on your list—give 'em mushrooms on toast instead.

When I was young, children, tame mushrooms were dinner party food, and if you would eat them on more ordinary occasions you bought yourself a little book and went along the streets of the city or the fields of the country trying to identify veils and gills by rather dim photographs. If you didn't do a good job of this that nasty little piece of nature, one of the large family with the surname *amanita*, waited to strike you down at a nibble. It was quite a sport. Then there were morels too. I once spent a weekend with a family who liked morels so much that we all paddled through a marshy wood looking for those brownish pieces of sponge—at least we did when we weren't busy trying to draw our feet out of muddy puddles without our shoes being sucked off. Everyone said the morels we found were wonderful, but privately I thought they tasted like indifferent shoe leather. Still we had had the excitement of the chase and some very fine colds in the head.

Perhaps those clever and ardent people who really know about fungi still adventure in marsh, dell and meadow. They have a fine name possibly derived from the Greeks who seem to have had a term for most things, but it escapes me, and seems to have also escaped Mr. Webster and his dictionary, but perhaps that is just because it is too heavy to look in for long. The romance of their calling has passed me by, and I buy mine by weight in the grocery store.

These store mushrooms are produced in large quantities in what I have heard are dark places which Horace wouldn't have liked for he said:

"Prefer those mushrooms that in pastures spring
To swallow others is a dangerous thing."

I don't believe he would have liked morels either. His favorite brand of pasture mushrooms are said to be the cause of fairy rings. That particular sort of mushroom spreads out in a circle and causes the different quality of the grass, but this is an English explanation, so perhaps it doesn't apply to either Canadian mushrooms or fairies.

However you may come by your mushrooms you must cook them, and here are some things to do with them which you mayn't have tried before.

Mushroom Soufflé

1/2 pound of mushrooms sliced
3 tablespoons of butter
3 tablespoons of flour
1 cup of chicken stock
1 tablespoon of grated cheese
2 eggs
Breadcrumbs
Salt and pepper

Melt the butter and season it with salt and pepper. Add the mushrooms and cook for five minutes, then sprinkle the flour from a flour shaker so that it won't lump and stir smoothly into the butter. Add the stock and the cheese and heat to the boiling point. Then take off the stove and add the beaten yolks of the two eggs, let the mixture cool, then cut in the very stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. Sprinkle the buttered inside of a baking dish with bread crumbs. Pour in the mixture and oven poach.

Potatoes and Mushrooms

1/2 large onion
3 potatoes
1/4 pound of mushrooms chopped

1 tablespoon of flour
3 tablespoons of butter
1 cup of milk
Parsley
Salt and pepper

Fry the onion in the butter, add the potatoes sliced, and let them cook for about twenty minutes very gently. Stir the flour into the butter, pour in the milk, and stir till it has thickened. Now add the mushrooms, parsley and seasonings to taste, and let it all simmer for about twenty minutes. This makes a good luncheon dish or serve it as a vegetable for dinner.

Fish with Mushrooms

4 fillets of fish
1 1/2 wineglasses of white wine
1/4 pound of chopped mushrooms
1 teaspoon of lemon juice
Parsley
Salt and pepper

Put the fillets of fish in a buttered baking dish, season them well and add to them the spoonful of lemon juice. Spread the chopped mushrooms over the fish, sprinkle with parsley and daub with butter. Pour on the wine and bake about half an hour in a medium oven, basting two or three times with the wine which has not been absorbed by the fish.

Stuffed Tomatoes

1/4 pound of small mushrooms
4 large tomatoes
1 1/2 cups of medium thick white sauce
1 strip of bacon
Bread crumbs
Salt and pepper

Cut the mushrooms into small pieces and sauté them until they are tender. Make the white sauce and stir into it the mushrooms. Cut off the tops, scoop out the centres of the tomatoes and fill them with the white sauce and mushroom mixture. Cover

with breadcrumbs, and put a little piece of bacon on top of each tomato. Bake in a medium oven for fifteen to twenty minutes.

Eggs and Mushrooms

6 eggs
4 tablespoonfuls of butter
3 tablespoonfuls of very finely chopped mushrooms
Salt, pepper
Paprika

Melt the butter and add the six eggs lightly beaten, then add the mushrooms. Season well, scramble to the state of wetness or dryness which your family likes and serve on toast.

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THE BACK PAGE

Suitable contributions to "The Back Page" will be paid for at regular rates. Short articles, verse, epigrams or cartoons of a humorous or ironical or indignant nature are what the editors are seeking. Preference is for topical comment. Address all contributions to "The Back Page", Saturday Night, 73 Richmond St. W., Toronto.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Pre-War And Later Music

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

AN ARTICLE by an American critic, Winthrop Sargent, entitled "The Sterility of Modern Music" recently published in *The American Mercury* is meeting with widespread discussion. Mr. Sargent deals with a singular anomaly. Immensely multiplied channels for diffusing music have brought about conditions whereby as he puts it; "The average listener probably absorbs more symphonic and operatic music in a single week than most of Beethoven's contemporaries heard in a whole season." This in truth extravagantly understates the situation. He could have added that whereas in Beethoven's day symphonic music was heard only by a moiety of the total population, all types of music, the noblest as well as the vulgarest have for more than a decade been available to nearly everyone. Yet if we leave aside ephemeral ditties, destined to no more than three or six months' life, most of the staples on which real music lovers everywhere rely, are almost entirely pre-1914 in origin.

Mr. Sargent names 1911 as the year when the production of musical works destined to win permanent interest ceased. Then modern music "entered on a thirty-year flop." He is apparently thinking only of Europe and ignores the fact that since 1911 a group of British composers headed by Vaughan Williams have been producing music which bears every evidence of permanent vitality and appeal. But it is quite true that since 1911 very little of profound appeal has been created in Western Europe and America. At no time probably has the endeavor to produce original music of serious character been more active in America than at present. Mr. Sargent's contention that the new works after a few performances are dropped by artists and conductors because the public has no desire to hear them again, is undoubtedly true.

This incompatibility between modern composers, and what might be termed "consumers," vastly increased of late years is due mainly to sophisticated musical technicians in Paris and Vienna who thirty years ago started cults of atonality; denied the affectionate, emotional quality of music entirely; and "had come to consider composing either as an abstract mathematical problem or as the act of arranging sensually provocative sounds in a more or less interesting manner." Mr. Sargent makes an exhaustive survey of influences and tendencies during the past 30 years, and believes that the way out is the recovery of the true musical tradition.

Of course it is almost impossible to speak with finality on that most opaque of aesthetic problems, the reactions of the public to the creative artist. It is profoundly important to the latter, however much he may despise the "profane and vulgar herd"; because, somehow or other, he must contrive to live. Let us take a parallel from literature.

THE principal number in the program of Dr. Hans Kindler conductor of the National Symphony Orchestra, Washington at the Promenade Symphony concert in Varsity Arena last week was indubitably German. It was Symphony, No. 1 in G minor by Kalinikov, a Russian com-

poser who in 1901 died at the age of 35. Though composed in the nineties it might easily date back 50 years to the period of Glinka. It is difficult on the basis of this music to realize that its composer as boy and man lived through the period when in Russia most of the grandiose, emotional and colorful works of Tchaikowsky, Moussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Borodin, Glazounov and others were composed. The latter in fact was but a year older than Kalinikov. This is not to deny that his symphony is a pleasant and competent work. It has melodies of fresh and appealing quality, developed by a man who understood how to make effective use of his material; yet it lacks the imaginative power and glow we associate with Russian composers who were his contemporaries. They did not influence him. Yet in a brief life, handicapped by ill-health he did considerable work in many forms; incidental music for Alexis Tolstoy's historical drama *Tsar Boris*, the prologue to an Opera *1812* (a subject of which Tchaikowsky had no monopoly); a cantata *St. John of Damascus* and numerous instrumental pieces. It is strange how one may hear a work as extended as this symphony and forget it entirely. I heard Kalinikov's first Symphony played by the old Toronto Symphony Orchestra under Frank Welsman in 1912, but recollection of it had completely evaporated. Last week all that could be done for it in the way of vital, gracious interpretation was done by Dr. Kindler; but it does not seem very much alive in one's consciousness even now.

Dr. Kindler has been devoting especial attention to Russian music of late, as shown in his performance of two Scriabin *Etudes*, and it will

be interesting to contrast the music of Kalinikov with the *Macbeth* music of Shostakovich that he is doing this week. There is a glamorous quality in Kindler much in evidence in his interpretation of Smetana's lovely tone-poem *The Moldau*, describing the beautiful river that flows through Bohemia, and then (symbolically) gets lost in Germany after it joins the Elbe. The conductor continuously conveyed the suggestion of an ever-flowing river, gradually widening.

Kindler reminded me once of his fellow Hollander, the great conductor Willem Mengelberg, under whom as a boy cellist he played years ago. After the first violins had given a fine account of themselves in Bach's *Sinfonia to Cantata No. 29* he led applause by shouting "Bravo" himself; clearly a case of jubilant thinking aloud. It was just the sort of thing that Mengelberg used to do when conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. When performers excelled themselves he always seemed more pleased with them than anybody else and let the audience know it. Dutch musicians are evidently genial and appreciative in their attitude toward associates.

Margaret Speaks, well-known radio soprano, who was guest soloist has not broadened in tonal volume since last here "in person," nor is she likely to do so. Her voice is limited but sweet, and in phrasing and enunciation she is highly accomplished, but we have several young women singers of equal quality right here in Toronto, not to mention other Canadian cities, who would have sung her program with more warmth and expression. But I am afraid the public would not have been interested in them lacking the hall mark of U.S. commercial exploitation.

Plug In To Thinking

BY LUCY VAN GOGH

PROFESSOR Arthur L. Phelps, who teaches literature in Winnipeg when he is not talking over the C.B.C.'s hook-up, has established a reputation, probably as much as the Canadian radio system will allow anybody to establish—as a student who sees a bit deeper into life than most of us, and a poet who can express more than most of us out of what he sees. He did a very good series of broadcasts a year ago about the various parts of Canada, which was duly embodied in a C.B.C. pamphlet; and he has now done the United States in the same way, and the result has been printed in another pamphlet. The American picture is undoubtedly clearer than the Canadian. The subject matter lends itself better; the lines are stronger, the colors richer and more vigorous, the contrast more tremendous. Nobody ever talked about Canada as being the scene of "a single strenuous, magnificent ferment of ideas." But that is what Dr. Phelps found in the United States. Canada, one suspects, needs more yeast.

Some of Dr. Phelps' observations strike deep—deeper, probably, when read in print than when listened to over the little machine with the dials. "Mere orthodoxy in connection with money, property, the law, the church, the family, can deaden a society. Many a clergyman lifts the hand of death in his congregation because he doesn't realize this. A business man who cannot change his ideas about money and its function is a debit item in any dynamic society." On the other hand Dr. Phelps realizes that there is a continuity of truth, and that we need the great ancient symbols of truth, "taking color and enrichment constantly from the living change about them," as links between the past and the future. The Americans he thinks have been a bit too reckless about throwing away these ancient sym-

bols. "They can steady emotions when our thoughts are frantic."

His investigations in the United States led him to think of things which Canada ought, not to take over from that country, but to parallel in its own way. Thus he wants Canada to parallel the essentials of the American New Deal; to parallel in the matter of youth training the accomplishments of the C.C.C.; to parallel in the cultural sphere the work of the W.P.A.; to look at education on a Dominion scale; to survey, somewhat in the American fashion, half a dozen typical towns in different parts of Canada for every aspect of their life from sanitary arrangements to library facilities; to develop "an underlying widespread conviction that the C.B.C. is a function of a freedom-loving emergent Canadian culture;" and finally to develop a concept of Ottawa "as centre and symbol in the imagination of the Canadian people" in the same way as Washington and

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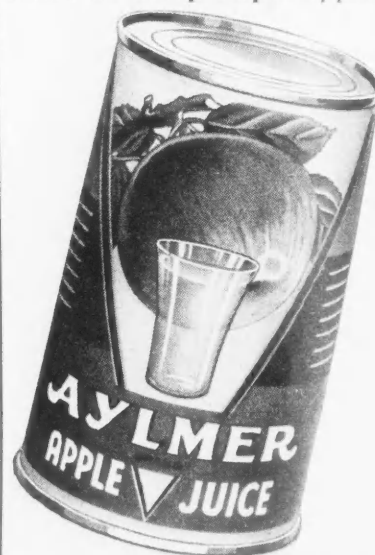
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"Back Page"

Stockings' End

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

WELL, it seems that when one industry goes down there's always another to take its place. That's one of the advantages of civilization, if there are any advantages to civilization. In time all the little hosiery shops will disappear and their place will be taken by little Leg Make-up shops where operators in surgical gowns will give you a five-thread Rosy Dawn or Tropic Dusk, applied by lit gun, for ten cents a pair. The whole field of advertising will shift too, and there will be pictures of girls surrounded by beaming escorts because their legs have a lovely translucent glow applied on an emollient base. There will be other pictures too, you may be sure, of solitary weatherbeaten girls going down the street while the same escorts peer out from behind the window curtains and whisper nastily, "There goes Leatherlegs, all by herself as usual." Anyway you can be certain it won't be easy for us women. It never is.

However, at the moment I am peering much further into the future than that. I am looking towards the day when my grandchild, rummaging through an old trunk, fishes out an ancient pair of pre-Second World War silk stockings. . . "Oh Grandma!" she will cry, "whatever are these funny things?"

"Those are stockings dear," I will say, "we used to pull them on over our legs."

"But Grandmother weren't they awfully uncomfortable?"

"Well, dear, we never thought of it. But they were very tiresome. For instance we could never go out without making sure our stocking seams were straight. You see the men didn't like it if we had crooked stocking seams. And by the way you might tell your Social Studies teacher that that funny brown line that ladies still paint up the backs of their legs is a survival of the ancient stocking seam. I guess that will hold her."

"But why did you wear them Grandma?"

"Well, dear, the men liked them. Indeed they wouldn't marry a girl who didn't wear silk stockings. And by the way darling, I wish you wouldn't make up your knee-caps in public. The men don't like it."

"But how did you keep them up Grandmother?"

"Why we wore what used to be called a Pantie-Girdle. You see, the Pantie Girdle held the stockings up and the stockings held the Pantie Girdle down. That was why we were such a funny shape. It used to be called Sagamined."

"But how did you ever get around Grandma?"

"Well, as a matter of fact darling we could get around very fast. You see if you ran our stockings snagged and if we stood still they ran. It

was just snag-and-run, snag-and-run, from one pay-day till the next. And of course if our stockings ran we couldn't be seen in public."

"Whatever did you do Grandma?"

"Well at that time there used to be what were called little hosiery shops. There were always three or four in a block so you could always duck in and spend your lunch money on a new pair and throw the old ones away."

"But wasn't it fearfully expensive Grandmother?"

"Indeed it was darling. And a dreadful nuisance besides. You see, every night we used to wash them out gently in tepid suds to keep them from running and hang them round the edge of the bath. This used to make the men very angry and they would tear them off and throw them on the floor and in the morning they would start running like mad. . . Besides the men always said they wouldn't marry us because it cost too much to keep us in silk stockings."

"But Grandmother, you said they wouldn't marry you if you *didn't* wear silk stockings!"

"I know dear. We lived in what was admitted to be an Age of Chaos."

"And how did you happen to stop wearing them, Grandma?"

"Well, dear, it's a long story. You see there was once a place called Japan. You don't hear much about it today but it was a very busy little kingdom before you were born. They used to manufacture silk and send it

to us to make into silk stockings and in return we would dig up all sorts of raw material for them to make into bombing planes, etc., so they could threaten the Western Hemisphere and bring on a state of unlimited national emergency which made it unpatriotic of us to wear silk stockings. . . And now dear if you'll just hand me my stick I think I'll run down to Pierre's. They say he has a wonderful new pack treatment for removing those tired sagging lines around the knees."

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Still a Long Way From an Inflated Price Level



A fortnight ago, specially-trained Canadian troops raided the Norwegian island of Spitsbergen, approximately half way between Norway and the North Pole. Chief product of the island is coal. It was the job of the Canadians to destroy the mines to prevent seizure by Germany. Here a Canadian sapper sets off a charge to wreck the mine in the distance.



The terrific concussion of the released charge batters the Canadian to the ground. As he falls, he clamps his steel helmet on his head and holds it firmly with both hands. Notice how the smoke from the blast has grown more dense. It has not yet reached full proportions. Coal dumps containing 400,000 tons were completely destroyed by fire.



Lying on the ground, the Canadian studies the effect of the charge, the full force of which has been spent upon the mine. Debris has been blown sky high and is now settling in billowing clouds which are rolling toward the sapper. Coal exports from Spitsbergen before the war amounted to 600,000 tons per year, some of it mined by Russia under lease.

EVERY investor knows by now that, whatever else inflation may or may not mean, it definitely and unmistakably implies a rise in the level of prices, and therefore something should be done about it in the event the rise continues to an abnormal degree.

For years inflation has been on the tip of every economist's pen; and yet prices, until recently, did not rise appreciably. But now the commodity price charts are pointing upward (as any housewife can substantiate) and so the question is being asked, "Is the inflation wolf finally at the door?"

It was assumed by nearly everyone that one result of the war would be a sharp rise in the price of nearly all goods or commodities and a corresponding advance in the cost of living. From 1914 to 1920 wholesale prices rose 2½ times while the cost of living just doubled. This time, with much higher debts to start with and much heavier war expenditures, it seemed that a real inflation was inevitable. But what has happened so far?

Referring to the Dominion Bureau of Statistics index of wholesale com-

BY PAUL CARLISS

Most discussions of inflation employ numerous words and expressions which do little to clarify for investors the practical implications of this economic bogey.

Is inflation here now? Has the time come for investors to take to their cyclone cellars? Or is the inflation bark worse than its bite?

In plain language Mr. Carliss explains why investors should not be prematurely alarmed over the prospect of a violent rise in prices; and tells how the danger signs may be noted in good time.

modity prices (1926=100) we find that the level now stands at 92 as compared with 83 a year ago and 72 two years ago—just before the war broke out. From 72 to 92 is a big

jump—but it is important to note that the present level is still well below the average for 1926!

Actually therefore we are a long way from an inflated commodity price level. As already mentioned, the index during and immediately after the last war rose from 65 to 164—subsequently dropping back (in 1921) to around 100 where it remained, with slight deviations, until 1930. Since the depression therefore we've been experiencing a relatively low price level. Until we get back to the 1926 base of 100 it can scarcely be asserted that inflation is upon us.

Will Rise Continue?

The next question, however, is, "will prices continue to rise at the rate they have risen from September, 1939 to September, 1941?" If industries are regimented, commodities rationed, prices controlled and taxes increased, it seems unlikely that the cost of living will duplicate the upward course of the last war; but as we have no means of forecasting such trends, the best we can do is to prepare for either eventuality. Inflation

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

A World Without Money

BY P. M. RICHARDS

ACCORDING to Mr. C. F. Campbell, barrister, of Haney, B.C., the only logical solution of the problem of technological unemployment is to find some new way to pay for the production of goods and services, other than by wages. In a letter to this paper, published in the issue of September 13, he said that due to electrical and mechanical progress, total production in the United States has increased by 154 per cent in the last twenty years while total man-hours decreased about 65 per cent; that 10 man-hours in 1937 produced over 431 per cent of what they did in 1919. Since machines and electric power are more economical to use than man-power, unemployment must go on increasing, he argued, as long as our present system of working for wages continues.

Mr. Campbell therefore proposed to do away with wages and even with money itself, and have services paid for in goods. His argument is this. Today (meaning in normal peacetime) we have overproduction of most goods, and were it not for deliberately reducing production we should have much more. That is, the workers as a whole could produce very much more than they now produce. Thus all that is necessary is for governments to arrange, as they do now with war supplies, to have all the goods used by all the people produced as usual, by the same workers who are doing it now, only in greater quantity. Then the governments would pay the workers by supplying them with all the goods they want, just as soldiers are now supplied, only more generously. In that way, according to Mr. Campbell, the cost of production would remain at the minimum, and the amount everyone would get, including the workers, would be the maximum possible. No money or wages would be involved at all. And the total amount of goods and services so made available would provide for all the people a standard of living very much higher than any now known.

It's a Nice Idea, But . . .

Well, it's a nice idea. But would it work? Certainly there's something very wrong with our economic system when suffering and want result from our very ability to produce more goods and services. This column is in complete agreement with Mr. Campbell on that point. But surely it doesn't follow that the remedy is reversion to a state of barter.

According to Mr. Campbell, under his system the people would get more than they do now because more would be produced and there would be more to distribute. But who would determine what the workers were to receive in return for their labor? With wages in the form of money, the recipient has

a claim to goods and services which he can exercise as he chooses, within the limitations of the quantities and varieties of the goods available. Under Mr. Campbell's system, the worker would take what he was given, not necessarily what he wanted. Since the nature of the goods produced would be determined by the Government instead of, as at present, by the actual desires of the consumers, it is reasonably certain that the consumers would not get what they wanted much of the time. Imagine what would happen when there was a vast overproduction of, say, wheat, as has occurred in so many years. How would the worker feel when he was paid for his services with a truckload of wheat, and had to find some other worker with an oversupply of the particular goods, say coal, which he, the first worker, happened to want?

Would be Real Regimentation

Not only would the Government—not the consumers, as at present—decide what goods should be produced, it would also decide which workers should produce them. It would assign workers to jobs just as soldiers are detailed to duties. Would the workers, and Mr. Campbell, like that? Furthermore, the Government, directing as it would all productive activities, would naturally tend to standardize production for greater efficiency and economy. We should all live in the same type of house, in prescribed areas. We should have standardized food, clothes and recreations. In short, we should live and be treated much as an army is treated. Does Mr. Campbell think that the boys at Camp Borden and Debert would be willing to live permanently in peacetime as they do now?

As this column sees it, the fundamental flaw in Mr. Campbell's system is that it would destroy individualism the ability to exercise individual judgment and initiative and satisfy individual wants and aims. So far, the big steps in human betterment have mainly resulted from the adoption by individuals or minority groups of some course in opposition to the general trend.

In answer to Mr. Campbell's points about the growing replacement of men by machines, we would refer him to Mr. Donald Fields' current series of articles on various aspects of the unemployment problem. In one of them, entitled "Translating Technical into Social Progress" and also published in the September 13 issue, Mr. Fields made the point that men who lose their jobs through technological changes must be reabsorbed through a rising standard of living brought about by progressive reduction of prices as costs of production decline.





An Airgraph letter service has been established between Britain and the Middle East and already more than a quarter of a million letters have been photographed. The letters are photographed on 16mm film and 1,500 letters weighing 500 pounds can be photographed on 100 feet of film weighing 6½ ounces with canister.

don or no inflation.

That some further rise in prices is to be expected may be safely assumed. At what point, therefore, you ask, should the investor begin to get worried and act accordingly. Already many investment portfolios have been re-arranged to withstand a moderate or even a drastic rise in the general price level. A greater proportion of the total has been placed in common stocks, less in bonds. Since many good sound common stocks may be purchased to yield 5%, 6%, or even 7%, this policy would seem to be a logical one to adopt whichever way the cat may jump. But, so far, inflation is still a bogey rather than an actuality.

We shall of course continue to hear a great deal about the increased cost of living, higher wages, rising prices and inflation. We shall hear and read so much and so constantly of these things that in due course it will be difficult to avoid becoming panicky. But it will be unnecessary to suffer a thousand doubts and fears upon ourselves. All we need to do is keep our feet on the ground and our eyes on the commodity price charts. In fact until the index passes 100 we scarcely need to turn a hair.

Mines

BY J. A. McRAE

A HIGHER price for base metals, and particularly copper, zinc and lead, is expected to materialize in the very near future in the United States. The appeal of miners for higher prices is quite general and there are indications that officials of the Office of Production Management in Washington have come to recognize the actual necessity of such an advance.

Base metal prices at present preclude the possibility of economic operation of many low grade deposits of ore. Appeals for higher prices range the way from 15 to 33-1/3 per cent. High cost copper miners in Arizona made a recent request for an advance to 16 cents per pound compared with the current price of 12 cents. Proposals have been presented for an increase in the price of zinc from 7.25 cents to 9.00 cents per pound.

Frontier Mines situated in the Red Lake district has intersected a width of 14 ft. of ore at the third level where the gold content is \$10.58 per ton.

Canadian Malartic has completed construction designed to raise mill capacity some 30 per cent. The opening days of October should find the plant in operation at close to 1,000

tons per day. Ore reserves developed ahead of the enlarged mill are adequate for full scale operations for approximately five years.

Proprietary Mines, Ltd., large holder of shares in important mining enterprises in the Larder Lake gold area, is finally free of litigation. All legal actions, some of which developed as early as 1935 have been settled.

Gold Eagle is salvaging whatever ore it can from its property at Red Lake. Profits are being added to assets and held on hand with a view

toward ultimate purchase of new property on which to attempt further operations. Net current assets on July 31st were \$213,830. Operating profits in recent months were around \$7,000 monthly.

Barraute Township in Quebec has witnessed extensive activity among prospectors, or, at least among stakers of mining claims. The greater part of the area is covered with overburden and much of the staking has been merely on "location" value rather than what encouragement may be seen on surface. Teck-Hughes holds the one property of chief in-

terest. Here there is a rock outcrop of about 100 ft. in length. Cutting through this outcrop is a vein of about 15 ft. in width in which free gold occurs. Diamond drilling is in progress. Results have been encouraging but not yet far enough advanced to arrive at conclusions.

Steep Rock Iron Mines will be provided with hydro-electric power through construction of a transmission line from Kenora to Fort Frances, thence to the iron deposits of Steep Rock Mines. The line will be built by Winnipeg Electric Company. Pilot work by diamond drill,

together with extensive underground operations, have disclosed a very large tonnage of high-grade iron ore at Steep Rock. This development now opens the way to the possible establishment of Canada's greatest iron mining project. Although only in its early stages of development, the initial estimates suggest some 100,000,000 tons of ore carrying around 60 per cent iron. The enterprise is in highly experienced hands, being controlled by Joseph E. Errington and associates. The property lies in western Ontario at a point about 140 miles west of Fort William.

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supplies of war materials were to fail.

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A Nazi poster in Norway gets the "V for Victory" treatment. Last week as revolt flamed in Norway, one-sixth of the population was placed under cast-iron military law and mass arrests continued throughout the week.

GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

BRUCK SILK

Editor, Gold & Dross:

For some months past I have been holding some stock in the Bruck Silk Mills. I understand that this company has not paid dividends for some years past and under the circumstances the market price seems rather high. Can you give me any information as to the financial standing of Bruck Silk and the possibility of future dividends?

N. W. S., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

I think that the common stock of Bruck Silk Mills Limited has less than average appeal.

Raw silk, as you know, is extremely hard to come by in these times and what there is has been severely rationed, a combination which will, of course, react adversely on this company. Then, too, Bruck Silk will find increased war taxes, and particularly income taxes, a burden because of the poor showing it has made over the past several years, a factor which will limit earnings improvement for the duration of the war. Lastly, the company's financial position is just fair. The outlook for payment of dividend is, I would say, not promising. The last dividend payment was in 1937 when

20 cents per share was disbursed.

Bruck Silk Mills is engaged in the manufacture and finishing of silk fabrics, consisting of pure, artificial and mixed goods. Products are made of real silk, rayon, and cellulose acetate yarns.

LAFLAMME

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Can you tell me anything regarding the Laflamme Prospecting Syndicate, Victory Bldg., Toronto?

W. B. K., Waterford, Ont.

Laflamme Prospecting Syndicate was recently formed to take over a 1,000-acre group staked a short time ago in the Barraute section of Quebec. No work has yet been done on the ground but the syndicate is reported to have purchased a diamond drill to commence exploration. There has been a heavy staking of claims in the Barraute section, and many of the large mining companies have been attracted. The Laflamme ground adjoins claims staked by Dome Mines, which in turn adjoins Hollinger's holdings on which exploration is said to be meeting with encouragement. If and when a company is incorporated, unit holders will be allotted 500 shares for each unit held.

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

BY HARUSPEX

The CYCLICAL or major direction of the New York stock market was confirmed as downward in early May, 1940. The SHORT-TERM movement was confirmed as upward on June 12.

WHAT TO LOOK FOR NOW

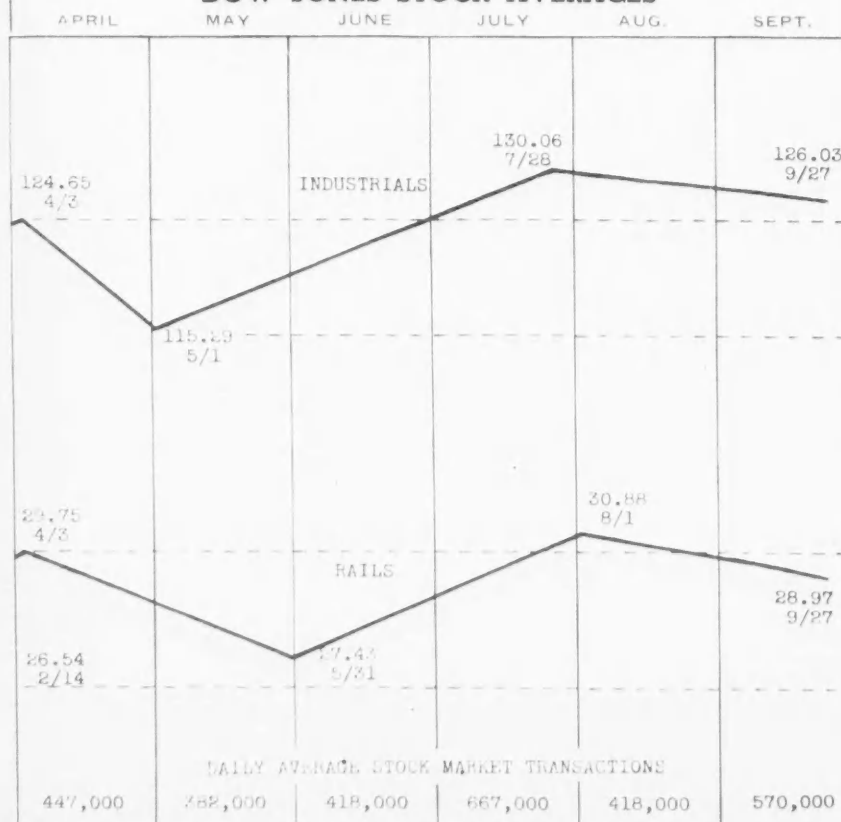
Toward the end of July the New York stock market peaked at 130.06 on the Dow-Jones industrial average, 30.88 on the rail average. From then until mid-August both averages declined. Subsequently, the industrial average has shown a measure of strength; the rail average, a measure of weakness.

It is generally true that divergence in the movement of the two averages, such as has been recently displayed, does not continue over a too protracted period. Accordingly, it would not be out of order to expect, over the next one to three weeks, either a resumption of advance in the rails, thereby confirming the industrials' strength, or submission by the industrials to the downward trend that the rails have been pointing.

IN ACCUMULATION PERIOD

Recovery, at this juncture, carrying the market to around 135-145 in terms of the industrial average, would lend suspicion—particularly if accompanied by a volume of trading in excess of that witnessed at the July peak—that the secondary rise from late May was culminating. To the contrary, decline, over the weeks immediately ahead, to the 122-118 level, would represent a rather full technical cancellation of the May-July advance, and lend another period for general accumulation of stocks.

Broad or cyclical advances, running from two to three years, are generally erected from a rather protracted base. This base is formed by a series of intermediate upward and downward swings. The market's action, since May, 1940, has accorded with such a base formation. We continue to regard the market as in a broad accumulation period, but would confine purchases to periods of general weakness or intermediate decline.

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DIVIDEND NO. 219

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of two per cent in Canadian funds on the paid-up capital stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 31st October 1941 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after Saturday, 1st November next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 30th September 1941. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board

A. E. ARSCOTT

General Manager

Toronto, 11th September 1941

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INTERIM DIVIDEND NO. 8

Notice is hereby given that an interim dividend of five cents per share has been declared on the paid-up capital stock of the company, payable in Canadian funds on the 28th, 1941, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 27th, 1941.

By Order of the Board

G. A. CAVIN

Secretary-Treasurer

Toronto, Ontario,
Sept. 26th, 1941**Penmans Limited**

DIVIDEND NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that the 1941 Dividends have been declared for the quarter ending the 31st day of October, 1941.

On the Preferred Stock, one and one-half per cent (1 1/2%), payable on the 1st day of November to Shareholders of record at the 21st day of October, 1941.

On the Common Stock, seventy-five cents (75c) per share, payable on the 15th day of November to Shareholders of record at the 5th day of October, 1941.

By Order of the Board

C. B. ROBINSON

Secretary-Treasurer

Montreal,
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TORONTO

ABOUT INSURANCE

Liable for Cargo Loss in German Ships

BY GEORGE GILBERT

ONE of the most important marine insurance legal cases arising out of the war so far has recently been finally determined by a decision of the House of Lords. The case arose out of three test actions against three Lloyd's underwriters brought by British owners of cargo which had been on board German vessels at the outbreak of war. The German ships were either scuttled or got back to Germany before the war began, and the claims against the underwriters were in respect of the loss of the cargoes, the question at issue being whether the losses were covered by the risks insured against in Lloyd's policies in which the claimants were interested.

In the first action, Middows, Ltd. v. R. S. Robertson, goods were shipped by the "Wangoni" at Bremen for

Even after two years of war, there are still some German steamers sheltering in neutral ports. Occasionally one will sneak out in an endeavor to run the blockade and reach Germany or the port of an enemy-occupied country. In such cases they are almost invariably intercepted by the British Navy and either captured or sunk.

Recent judgments in three test actions which were taken to the House of Lords for final adjudication will govern the liability of marine underwriters for cargo in enemy ships in practically all circumstances. Where goods have been seized by masters on orders of the German Government, the eventual fate of the ships and their cargoes would seem immaterial so far as underwriters' liability is concerned.

carriage to South Africa. The "Wangoni" put into Vigo on September 1, 1939, and in March of the following year she returned to Ham-

burg. The action of W. W. Howard Bros. & Co., Ltd. v. L. E. Kann related to the steamer "Halle," which sailed from Bunbury for the United Kingdom and was scuttled on or about October 16 on orders from the German Government. The action of the Forestal Land, Timber & Railways Co., Ltd. v. Edward Rickards concerned goods shipped in the "Minden" at Buenos Aires for carriage to Hongkong-Shanghai. The ship put in at Santos and left there with the idea of getting to Germany, but she was scuttled.

For the Lloyd's underwriters the defences raised were: (1) That on the outbreak of war the policies were avoided on the ground that they were an insurance by British insurers of cargo belonging to British owners in enemy ships; (2) That the German steamers were trying to run the British blockade, and that that constituted a breach of the warranty of legality; (3) That the German steamers had abandoned their voyages and the insurances had come to an end; and (4) That the policies were expressly declared to be free from any claim arising out of frustration.

War Risks Covered

At the trial in the King's Bench Division, Mr. Justice Hilbery gave judgment in favor of the Lloyd's underwriters. The claimants appealed, and the Court of Appeal decided in their favor. In his reserved judgment Lord Justice Scott said the three appeals all turned on the same point of law. Each policy covered war risks as well as marine risks, and contained the new common form of so-called "frustration clause," intended to exempt underwriters on voyage policies from the kind of liability established by the House of Lords' decision in the case of Sandays (1916).

Following that case a clause was introduced into Lloyd's standard form of marine insurance policy, to wit: "Warranted free of all claims based upon loss of or frustration of the voyage or adventure caused by the arrest, detention or restraints of kings, princes or people." The Lloyd's underwriters pleaded that clause as a bar to all three actions, and the trial judge held that it was a good defence.

Not so the Court of Appeal, which held that the frustration clause offered no defence. Dealing with the facts of the case, Lord Justice Scott said that the German masters of the three German ships received orders a fortnight before war was declared in furtherance of the German war policy. Each master was ordered to take refuge with his ship in a neutral port, and, if possible, to return to Germany with his cargo or, as a last resort, to scuttle the vessel.

These orders were duly carried out by each of the three masters. From these facts the inference was irresistible in each case, said Lord Justice Scott, that the master of each vessel was acting as no doubt was his duty under German law in strict obedience to the orders he received. In each case when the ship was diverted to a port of refuge the German Government, through the master, received actual possession of British-owned goods, and thereafter retained them. When the ship left the neutral port, if not before, the German Gov-

ernment was guilty to apply a metaphor from the common law of converting the plaintiff's goods to its own use.

When that happened the result was the loss to the cargo-owner not merely of the voyage or adventure but of the goods themselves, and the owner, on the basis of a constructive total loss, was entitled to recover if the loss was caused by a peril within the policy. It had been argued, said Lord Justice Scott, that in English law of marine insurance there was no such conception as a constructive total loss of the goods themselves, and that the subject-matter of every loss of goods was the venture only, and in every case where a constructive loss occurred it was due to the non-arrival of the goods at the destination, with the consequent loss of market or voyage.

An Insured Peril

Lord Justice held that argument to be untenable, and that the cargo-owner must succeed. It followed, he said, that in all three cases the claimants were entitled to recover, and all three appeals must be allowed. Judgment would be entered in the actions for the sums due, and no order would be made as to costs in that Court or below. There would be leave to appeal to the House of Lords.

When the case came before the House of Lords, the Lord Chancellor, in moving that the appeals of the underwriters should be dismissed, said that the representative character

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of the cases was emphasized by the arrangements made between the underwriters and the cargo-owners that the former undertook to pay costs up to that House. In each of the cases, he said, there was risk of capture of the vessel when outside territorial waters of any neutral state. The vessels deviated from the accustomed and natural course in order to take refuge in accordance with general directions which they had received from the German Government. Ultimately they abandoned the contractual voyage altogether and made an effort to get back to Germany. Two of them were in danger of being captured in the Allied blockade and scuttled themselves. The third succeeded in getting through to Hamburg.

Goods Still Insured

In each case the cargo was insured by a voyage policy covering both war and marine risks. There was also added what has been called a frustration clause. Two questions arose, said the Lord Chancellor. If the frustration clause were not contained in the policy at all, would the cargo-owners be entitled to recover? In other words, did the loss of goods occur at a time when they were still covered by the policy? Secondly, even if the cargo-owners could make good their claim under the policy in the absence of the frustration clause, did the frustration clause operate so as to relieve the underwriters from

the liability which would otherwise attach to them?

On the first of these questions, the Lord Chancellor held that there was a constructive total loss of the goods while they were still covered by the policy. On the second question, whether the frustration clause operated to take away from the insured the right which would otherwise be his to claim for a constructive total loss, his Lordship said that if any and every claim for loss of goods by war perils was rendered futile by the insertion of the frustration clause, the policy, so far as war perils were concerned, was perfectly useless.

Such a result, he said, was no doubt possible if clear and apt words were used, with the result that the underwriter took away with one hand what he gave with the other. But it seemed to him that the fallacy in the argument arose from assuming that every loss of goods was "based upon loss of adventure." He agreed with the Court of Appeal in thinking that the proper interpretation of the clause was not "free of any claim which on the facts might be based on loss of the insured voyage," and that its proper meaning must be "free of any claim which is in fact based, and can only be based, upon loss of the insured voyage."

Lord Wright, Lord Porter, Viscount Maugham and Lord Thankerton agreed that the appeals should be dismissed, and the appeals of the Lloyd's underwriters were accordingly unanimously dismissed.

INQUIRIES

Editor, About Insurance:

Re La Compagnie d'Assurance La Protection Nationale, St-John, P.Q. Will you be kind enough to furnish me the financial statement of the above company.

B. L. J., Outremont, Que.

La Compagnie d'Assurance La Protection Nationale, or, in English, The National Protection Assurance Company, is a new stock insurance company which only recently commenced operations under Quebec charter and license. It has a deposit of \$30,000 with the Quebec Government for the protection of policyholders.

According to the Abstract Report of the Quebec Superintendent of Insurance, its total admitted assets at the end of 1940 were \$73,314, made up of: Bonds and debentures, \$28,657; cash on hand and in bank, \$14,362; interest, etc., \$295. Its liabilities except capital amounted to only \$153, so that it showed a surplus as regards policyholders of \$73,159. Its paid up capital was \$60,258, so it had a net surplus over capital and all liabilities of \$12,901. That is, it starts in the insurance business with its paid up capital of \$60,258 intact and with a net surplus of \$12,901.

Editor, About Insurance:

I have read with interest in your issue of August 9th, H.G.W.'s inquiry about an adjustment of his insurance, re his loan and your reply thereto. What I desire to bring to your notice is the fact that H.G.W. has been put in a difficult spot, apparently because of the heavy interest his company has charged him on his "loan" so called. This loan is his own money not the company's, and just why insurance companies, for I believe they all do it, are permitted to charge their policyholders such exorbitant rates of interest on their policyholder's own money — has always been a mystery to me and to many others and I shall deem it a favor if you would give your readers some light on this point.

B. D. A., Upper Musquodoboit, N.S.

While it is true that the funds of the life insurance companies for the most part really belong to the policyholders, and that the companies only hold these funds in trust for the policyholders, and that, accordingly, when a policyholder obtains a loan on his policy he is only getting the use of some of his own money, it is also a fact that as trustees for the policyholders the companies must earn interest on these funds they hold in trust, as otherwise they would not be able to carry out their policy contracts, not to mention the payment of any dividends.

The rates charged for life insurance



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IN THIS era of huge wheat surpluses it is a truism to state that Western Canada's farming economy has been all very wrong, that it has stressed wheat growing too much and neglected those other forms of agriculture which would have helped put it on a more stable basis and that today the western farmer faces a grim sort of culmination of the mistakes he has made in the past, even if those mistakes have not been entirely his own doing.

True as it is, this rather harrowing picture takes too little cognizance of what is at present being done to help put the prairie farmer on a more self-sustaining basis. Many resourceful men, farmers of initiative and intelligence, have made modest fortunes from wheat, the hard way. The power of their example still persists. There are thousands of lesser men who still believe they too can make their "pile," given a couple of bountiful crops. They fail to reckon with the war-shrunk markets of Europe and the mounting tide of golden wheat piling up in every elevator in the country.

But despite all this the average western farmer is more and more coming to realize that he must do his best to get a living off his land

PRAIRIE LETTER

Oasis in the Drouth Country

BY GALEN CRAIK

First wheat has let him down too often in the past for him to go on pinning all his hopes on that one crop.

And directing this switch in farming economy, which is gradually gaining momentum in Western Canada, are the officials and corps of agricultural experts who administer the Prairie Farm Rehabilitation Act, more simply known throughout the west as P.F.R.A. The whole basis of this scheme, in operation since 1935, is to teach the western farmer to utilize every production possibility available, to grow gardens, to produce sufficient forage crops to maintain a few head of livestock. In other words, to make the individual western farm a unit that can stand on its own feet, with its own vegetables, its own beef, pork and chick-

ens, its own milk and butter, providing the farmer a living off his own acres, as is the practice on the soundly-established eastern farm.

Water is the Key

Naturally, the backbone of any such plan is water. What a great many people in other parts of the Dominion fail to realize is the high productivity of most of Western Canada's soil, provided it gets sufficient moisture. What crops it would grow were it to receive, each growing season, as heavy rainfall as do most farming sections of Eastern Canada! Therefore water conservation, utilization of meagre prairie water supplies to the very utmost has been one of the main P.F.R.A. objectives. That is why the water

development branch of P.F.R.A. has assumed such importance. Under its direction plans ranging all the way from ambitious irrigation projects to the humble dugout on the individual farm have been developed. It is not too much to say that in many instances these P.F.R.A. activities have changed the very face of the countryside.

Typical of what is being done in this regard is the irrigation project at Val Marie, tiny prairie town south of Swift Current in Saskatchewan, 18 miles from the Montana border and set in a country of rolling hills, gaunt, bleak and lonely but with a majesty all their own.

There is situated one of the most successful P.F.R.A. irrigation ventures. There in several thousand acres of former waste land interlaced by an intricate system of dun-colored irrigation ditches, things grow. Man has conquered nature in one small patch of this western earth at least. There, alfalfa, brome grass and crested wheat grass, yellow and white-blossomed sweet clover, grow as thickly as timothy on a well-watered Eastern Canada hay meadow. Here and there are fat stacks of alfalfa and other forage crops, certain sign that cattle and horses in the district need never want for feed through the long winter months.

Key to the Val Marie irrigation project, as well as to the thriving one at Eastend, west of Val Marie, is Frenchman Creek, small river having its source in the wooded Cypress Hills area and from thence following a winding course south and east until it finally wanders into Montana 25 or 30 miles east of Val Marie. Frenchman Creek is a typical prairie stream in that its flow has been marked by great spring-time freshets, then has dwindled to a mere trickle in the height of summer. Man, and this means the P.F.R.A., determined to harness this flow to his own purposes, to spread it out over the lean summer months instead of letting it all flow away in one grand splurge in the spring.

Old Lake is Reservoir

In the Cypress Hills was a huge hollow basin that had once been a lake. P.F.R.A. engineers diverted the courses of several small streams so that in the spring their precipitate flow was directed into the old lake bed. This lake, filled once again by the ingenuity of man, now holds 70,000 acre-feet of water, although only 40,000 are available for irrigation purposes, as 30,000 are so low as to be "dead."

Here then is the original "bank," rich in wealth of moisture for miles of land to the east and south that needs only water to make it produce. There are branch "banks" as well. At Eastend and at Val Marie there are smaller dams, each of about 6,000 acre-feet capacity. If water in the smaller dams gets too low, there are still available the 40,000 acre-feet from the Cypress Hills lake. So far, P.F.R.A. has found the water supplies in the smaller dams ample.

Nestling in the hills out of Val Marie a few miles is the lake made by the hand of man. From it, in the narrow and winding "master ditch," flows the brown and turbid water, bringing to the roots of alfalfa, brome grass, potatoes and other vegetables, trees and shrubs, the life-giving fluid. Forage crop plots are divided into areas about 100 feet wide and half a mile long. It is flat country, so the water has to be "forced" into the irrigation ditches, engineers damming up the water to fill the lateral ditches to the required depth. Depending on the amount of rain that falls, irrigation experts figure on irrigating twice a year on the average, about five or six inches deep at a time. There are 4,000 acres under cultivation at Val Marie at present, and this area is being extended as rapidly as possible.

The land at Val Marie, a flat between the surrounding hills that was once covered with greasewood and sagebrush, is particularly suited to the growth of forage crops, and alfalfa, brome grass, sweet clover and crested wheat grass flourish on the

plots. Even the banks of the irrigation canals have been seeded to these grasses to help keep the weeds down. Weeds have little chance when these grasses become well established.

Life More Pleasant

In the first year of operation at Val Marie, 1938, P.F.R.A. officials took 182,000 bushels of oats, 5,500 bushels of wheat and 4,000 tons of hay and straw off the land under cultivation. Now the land is mostly devoted to the growth of forage crops and last year alfalfa yielded three tons per acre, brome grass two and a half, wheat 20 to 30 bushels to the acre, oats 50 to 90 bushels, barley 20 to 40 bushels. Between 200 and 300 bushels of potatoes to the acre were produced, the lighter soils being well suited to the growth of potatoes. From a block of land an acre in area last year P.F.R.A. workers grew enough vegetables for their own use, in addition to shipping nine and a half tons to the "grasshopper area" southwest of Val Marie to help tide farmers there through their "lean year."

This year 500 acres of forage crops, established in 1939 and 1940,

VIA AIR

IT LEAPT a sun-shafted chasm, Skirting a mobile slope of cloud mountain, And soared by the white brilliance of a glaciated castle. It pierced the soft eminences of vague cities, Massively-webbed, re-shaping, peopled by giants. It cut straight through realms of fairyland, With mail from Halifax to Vancouver.

ALAN CREIGHTON.

are being cut by farmers and stock owners in the district for feed.

The project has not only given work to many men in the Val Marie district but has made life more pleasant for most residents in the village. Land there is higher than on the irrigation territory, so the water has to be pumped to a ditch which then carries the water to the various garden plots. Flourishing gardens are in evidence, and the villagers produce abundant quantities of vegetables of fine quality.

P.F.R.A. exacts a flat annual rate of \$50 from the town for the water it uses, while cost of pumping and other incidental services add to this modest amount. Total cost is divided among the water users, each paying his just share.

Small fruits such as raspberries, strawberries, black currants and gooseberries are being established on the irrigation project, while apple, plum and cherry trees were planted this year, in addition to an ever-increasing number of trees such as ash, elm and poplar.

In fact, P.F.R.A. officials can point proudly to Val Marie as a typical example of the very definite and practical way in which their organization is helping put western farmers on their feet again. Men of faith and vision, they are content to hold their own in time of war, but they hope to see considerable expansion of their activities in the post-war period.

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Gas ROASTS THE COFFEE

A view of a gas-fired coffee roaster in the plant of Messrs. R. B. Hayhoe & Company, Limited, Toronto, where Hayhoe's well-known brands "Mountain Blend" Coffee and "Flowerdale Tea" are prepared.

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